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BOSTON'S BIRTHDAY BROADCAST TO BRITAIN

BY EDWARD F. PAYNE
(President of the Boston Branch)

[A very topical broadcast to England from Station WRUL (Short Wave), Boston, Mass., was made on February 7th in celebration of the 129th Anniversary of the birth of Dickens. Mr. Payne was introduced by Mrs. Harry Lee Bagley, the Hon. Secretary of the Branch, who spoke of the dinner to be held that evening at the Parker House Hotel, where Dickens stayed, and of the greetings they had received from branches all over the world, "including a splendid message of courage and cheer from your own Secretary, Mr. Leslie C. Staples."]

FELLOW Dickensians in England, and to all those who may be listening to this Station, it seems to me that no more appropriate birthday message could be selected than to broadcast to-night, at this dramatic moment when our two great nations seem drawing closer and closer together, the words of Charles Dickens, as he expressed his views on the relations of England and America.

He could not know when he uttered these words from the depth of his great heart that one day a whisper would be heard across the Atlantic; that the voices of little children would speak over those thousands of miles and be heard in their far-off homes where war-worn parents carried on, happy in the thought that their darlings were safe in a friendly land. And I cannot tell you with what reverence and pride I repeat these words of his, which, spoken in our country nearly one hundred years ago, find us to-night as a nation with hardly one dissenting voice re-echoing the applause and affection that our forefathers bestowed upon him, and the sentiments that he expressed.

In 1842, and again in 1867, he came here, and as a matter of course he was royally entertained. At various banquets and similar tributes to his great personality and genius he spoke many times. He was an accomplished orator, and it is from these speeches and from letters that he wrote home that these, his convictions, which so strangely suit the present time, have been selected.

In his first long letter written from Boston, in January, 1842, he says, among other things:

"I can fancy you saying, 'but about his impressions of Boston and the Americans?' Of the latter I will not say a word until I have seen more of them, but there is no man in this town or in this State of New England, who has not a blazing fire and a meat dinner every day of his life. A flaming sword in the air would not attract so much attention as a beggar in the streets. There are no charity uniforms, no wearisome repetition of the same ugly dress in that school for the blind which I visited. At the theatres all the ladies sit in the fronts of the boxes. The gallery are as quiet as the dress circle in dear Drury Lane. A man with seven heads would be no sight at all compared with one who could not read and write!"

Later, at the dinner given to him in Boston on February 1st, he spoke in this charming vein :

" Gentlemen : If you had given this splendid entertainment to anyone else in the whole wide world—if I were here to-night to exult in the triumph of my dearest friend—if I stood here upon my defence to repel any unjust attack—to appeal as a stranger to your generosity and kindness as the free-est people on the earth, I could, putting some restraint upon myself, stand among you as self-possessed and unmoved as I should be, alone, in my own room in England. But when I have the echoes of your cordial greeting ringing in my ears—when I see your kind faces beaming a welcome so warm and earnest as never man had—I feel—it is my nature—so vanquished and subdued, that I have hardly fortitude enough to thank you ! If your president, instead of pouring forth that delightful mixture of humour and pathos which you have just heard with so much delight, had been a caustic, ill-natured man—if he had only been a dull one—if I could only have doubted him or you —I should have had my wits at my fingers' ends, and, using them, could have held you at arms' length ! But you have given me no such opportunity—you take advantage of me in my tenderest point ! You give me no chance of playing at company or holding you at a distance, but flock about me like a host of brothers and make this place like home."

After a most delightful discourse in which he spoke of his work, and touched on the subject of an International Copyright Law, he closed with these words :

" Gentlemen : I thank you with feelings of gratitude, such as are not often awakened, and can never be expressed. As I understand it to be the pleasant custom here to finish with a toast, I would beg to give you—' AMERICA AND ENGLAND ! AND MAY THEY NEVER HAVE ANY DIVISION BUT THE ATLANTIC BETWEEN THEM ! ' "

It is recorded that this toast was drunk with nine cheers, the company all standing.

A few nights later, at a banquet given him in Hartford, Connecticut, on his birthday—by the way, ninety-nine years ago this very night—he spoke as follows :

" Gentlemen : To say that I thank you for the earnest manner in which you have drunk the toast just now so eloquently proposed to you—to say that I give you back your kind wishes and good feelings with more than compound interest—and that I feel how dumb and powerless the best acknowledgements would be beside such genial hospitality as yours, is nothing ; to say that in this winter season flowers have sprung up in every footstep's length of the path which has brought me here—that no country has ever smiled more pleasantly than yours has smiled on me—and that I have rarely looked upon a brighter summer prospect than that which lies before me now—is nothing ; and in addressing you I feel that I should employ that universal language of the heart, which you best teach and can best understand. Gentlemen, in that universal language common to you in America and to us in England, as that younger Mother tongue, which, by the means and through the happy union of our two great countries shall be spoken ages hence, by land and sea over the wide surface of the globe."

In New York City, at the banquet at which Washington Irving presided, Mr. Dickens said, among many other pleasant things :

" No European sky without, and no cheerful home or well-warmed room within, shall ever shut out this land from my vision. I shall often hear your words of welcome in my quiet room, and shall see your faces in the blazing fire. If I should live to grow old, the scenes of this and other evenings will shine as brightly to my dull eyes fifty years hence as now ; and the honours you bestow upon me shall be well remembered and paid back in my undying love and honest endeavours for the good of my race."

In a speech delivered at Richmond, Virginia, he said :

" I believe that the best flag of truce between two nations, having the same common origin and speaking the same language, is a fair sheet of white paper with the literature of each ! "

At the close of his second visit to America, at that great dinner given to him on Saturday evening, April 18th, 1868, at Delmonico's in New York City, by the press of the United States, he said, at the close of a brilliant address :

" I want to assure you that the Englishman who shall humbly strive, as I hope to do, to be in England as faithful to America as to England herself, has no previous conception to contend against. Points of difference there have been, points of difference there are, points of difference there probably will be between the two great peoples. But broadcast in England is sown the sentiment that these two peoples are essentially one, and that it rests with them jointly to uphold the great Anglo-Saxon race, to which our Chairman has referred, and all its great achievements before the world. If I know anything of my countrymen—and they give me credit for knowing something—the English heart is stirred by the fluttering of those Stars and Stripes as it is stirred by no other flag that flies except its own. If I know my countrymen, in any and every relation toward America, they begin, not, as Sir Anthony Absolute recommended, that lovers should begin with a little aversion, but with a great liking and a profound respect ; and whatever little sensitiveness of the moment, or the little official passion, or the little official policy now or then, here or there, may be, take my word for it, that the first enduring great popular consideration in England is a generous construction of justice. Finally, Gentlemen, and I say this subject to your correction, I *do* believe from the great majority of honest minds on both sides, there cannot be absent the conviction, that it would be better for this globe to be riven by an earthquake, fired by a comet, overrun by an iceberg, and abandoned to the Arctic fox and bear, than that it should present the spectacle of these two great nations, each of whom has in its own way and hour striven so hard and so successfully for Freedom, ever again being arrayed the one against the other."

And now, as a parting word from America to-night, it is the hope and prayer of all of us here that the sentiments of that great lover of humanity may be forever true, and that far from being arrayed one against the other we may stand together to preserve our two lands that he in his day, and we in ours, have learned to love so well.

PODSNAPS

OURS is a copious language and trying to strangers.

* * * * *

No other country is so favoured as this country.

* * * * *

Mr. Podsnap settled that whatever he put behind him he put out of existence.

* * * * *

I don't want to know about it; I don't choose to discuss it; I don't admit it.

* * * * *

As a so eminently respectable man, Mr. Podsnap was sensible of its being required of him to take Providence under his protection. Consequently he always knew what Providence meant.

* * * * *

Mr. Podsnap had . . . acquired a peculiar flourish of his right arm in often clearing the world of its most difficult problems by sweeping them behind him.

* * * * *

What Providence meant was invariably what Mr. Podsnap meant.

* * * * *

A certain institution in Mr. Podsnap's mind which he called "the young person." . . . The question about everything was, would it bring a blush into the cheek of the young person?

* * * * *

The inconvenience of the young person was, that according to Mr. Podsnap, she seemed always liable to burst into blushes when there was no need at all.

* * * * *

There appeared to be no line of demarcation between the young person's excessive innocence, and another person's guiltiest knowledge.

* * * * *

Take Mr. Podsnap's word for it, and the soberest tints of drab, white, lilac, and grey, were all flaming red to this troublesome bull of a young person.

* * * * *

He felt conscious that he set a brilliant social example in being particularly well satisfied with most things and, above all other things, with himself.

* * * * *

There is in the Englishman a combination of qualities, a modesty, an independence, a responsibility, a repose, combined with an absence of everything calculated to call a blush into the cheek of a young person, which one would seek in vain among the Nations of the Earth.

* * * * *

We Englishmen are very proud of our Constitution, Sir; it was bestowed upon us by Providence.

* * * * *

You think it *is* worth *your* while, and *is* important to *your* position. Is that so?

* * * * *

See the Conquering Podsnap comes, Sound the trumpets, Beat the drums.

"O ANGELICA!"

By GWEN MAJOR

"O ANGELICA, what has become of you——?" Ah, what indeed? And still more interesting—who were you?

I ask this once more as I consider those City Church rambles which the "Uncommercial Traveller" took, rambles so much after the heart of the London lover, so full of vague, tantalising references.

Let it be understood that this is—almost—fireside speculation, for when I was compelled to pass through the streets of London on the dark days of the past winter, I shrank and dared not look upon her dreadful injuries. If I do not look the dear old places are still there, for me, and when the horror passes more may be left than now seems possible.

Little more than half a year ago one could wander on a quiet Sunday morning in and out of many a City church and, for all the eighty odd years that have intervened, see many of them as the "Uncommercial" did in his more leisured day.

The further I go back, the more hushed my reverie, so much the more clearly do I see Angelica on that dim background of a dusty old church. I see her pretty head, framed in that bewitching bonnet (as I suppose) and the lover by her side, in church forsooth, because of a shower! But I ask again, who was she?

I have often pondered upon this; for the few words that paint the picture of those ardent lovers in the mouldering church have a ring about them as of something remembered, rather than imagined. And slowly it has dawned upon me how it might have been.

You remember how it starts—"When I, turned of eighteen——"? That is the key. Go back to the beginnings of the "Uncommercial's" travels, on the threshold of which his path was flooded with the glow of first love—a glow which never really faded to the end.

Can you not see young Mr. Dickens with Maria Beadnell on his arm leave her father's house, No. 2, Lombard Street, to take a lovers' walk among the quiet London lanes on a Sunday morning, when a shower makes them turn to shelter—in a church? They are probably in the early and blissful state of love because for no other apparent reason they vow to be married there and nowhere else. And they—never were married at all!

And isn't that just as it happened, and although by the time the "Uncommercial" was recalling it he had already met his Flora, wouldn't he still be asking: "O Angelica, what has become of you—?"

And the church, the scene of the little romance? He said it was in Huggin Lane, *that* much he had noted, so I go there in my mind. There are two such lanes, and each had a St. Michael's Church, both to be destroyed soon after Dickens's death. I think we may say that of these two, that at the bottom of the Huggin Lane off Upper Thames Street, might have been the one; there is one slender and one quite good reason for this supposition. The latter is that Maria lived near and the love-distracted Dickens not only may, in fact, have taken her

there, but did himself wear out the pavements around her home in the stormy course of three years' love-making. The former is that in Horwood's map of 1800 this lane was called "Hugging," a name that may have drawn the lovers !

If you will thus far humour the fancy, you still may see the golden ship, upon a ball made to hold a bushel of corn, which sailed upon the spire of that St. Michael's. When the church came down they put the ship upon the Rectory which replaced it, and now in turn the Rectory is reduced to a warehouse. But still the ship sailed on, in a sea of clouds. You may also see the old bell from St. Michael's, hung over the door of a Parish room they built upon part of St. Michael's churchyard, and even a quiet part of the churchyard, wherein you may stand to see those lovers pass, between the shadow and the sun.

Here, at least, I dared to go quite recently, and found both ship and bell untouched.

And the church in which "when he couldn't attend to the sermon" the "Uncommercial" was recalling the blissful day. Well, I choose to think he was in the vicinity of that church of wistful memory and that this fact had recalled the day. The light touches of description, carefully examined, seem to bear this out, and to fit certain characteristics of a church still standing close to the site of the destroyed St. Michael's, in which he might then have been sitting.

You will remember that on the quiet Sunday morning in question, the "Uncommercial," "after being rung for by conflicting bells," made a "selection of a church oddly put away in a corner among a number of lanes ?"

Leaving the corner of Huggin Lane, go east a little along Upper Thames Street, cross the end of Queen Street and turn left up College Hill. A little way up on the right you will find St. Michael Paternoster Royal, still "among a number of lanes," and more so in his day and before Cannon Street at the top had been cut. This church was restored in 1866, being badly in need of it, so the "Uncommercial" would have seen it at its worst, as he describes: "the service books are musty, and the pulpit cushions are threadbare, and the whole of the church furniture is in a very advanced stage of exhaustion." You will remember that he said "two or three exhausted doors and windows have been bricked up." At the restoration windows "previously blocked up," as I read, were reopened and more light let in.

The "Uncommercial" notes the presence of "exhausted charity children in a gallery." Both the Mercer's and the Vintry Ward Schools were hard by, though their scholars might not have liked to have been termed "charity children," and there is still an organ gallery in the church. He saw in the porch "a benefaction of loaves of bread" and it is a fact that such a distribution was part of the church's work, for which a set of beautifully carved shelves is to be seen in the vestry.

If you remember that here you are in the Vintry Ward, that the famous Vintners' Hall is just down the hill and across the way in Upper Thames Street, and, moreover, that St. Michael Paternoster Royal, and St. James Garlickhithe (a stone's throw away) share

alternately the honour of providing an annual service for this Company and bear many signs of it, the following will have some significance. The "Uncommercial" continues: "The clergyman is, perhaps, the chaplain of a civic Company; he has the moist and vinous look, and eke the bulbous boots, of one acquainted with 'Twenty port, and comet vintages.'" St. Martin is the patron saint of the vine and the church of his name used to stand at the bottom of the hill, almost facing the Vintners' Hall, presumably to keep a fatherly eye upon their doings. But the Great Fire put an end to this close watch and so St. Michael Paternoster Royal, took the Parish and this charge upon himself.

When the "Uncommercial" has dreamed his dream of Angelica, when the clergyman of "prandial presence and muffled voice" gives the sign, "in a minute more, all is over, and the organ expresses itself to be as glad of it as it can be of anything in its rheumatic state and in another minute we are all of us out of the church and Whity-brown has locked it up. Another minute or little more, and, in the neighbouring churchyard—not the yard of that church, but of another—a churchyard like a great shabby old mignonette box with two trees in it and one tomb—" (I feel this to indicate the vacant site and green churchyard of St. Martin's above mentioned, at the corner of College Hill and Upper Thames Street) "I meet Whity-brown, in his private capacity, fetching a pint of beer . . ." Well, his shadow still may fetch it, from very nearby. I don't know anything to the contrary, though a bottle of the ruby might have seemed more in keeping, the Vintners being so very close. Perhaps they do not recognise vergers except upon their own feast day.

The vision of Angelica is fading, as I look down the street. I almost wonder if she ever did walk there. Yet the "Uncommercial" remembered the sweet picture too well for doubt, I think.

You may say, any dozen of London's old churches can offer points that have been mentioned and the scene therefore have been laid elsewhere. Perhaps! I do not doubt the possibility. It matters little, so that the vision does not entirely fade and we may stand beside the "Uncommercial," see in dreams what he sees of that charming picture of the long ago, hear the lovers whisper in the dusty shadows and know their story is undying.

MISSING WORDS

(*Answers to puzzle on page* 140.)

1, Repose; 2, jollity; 3, discipline; 4, door-nail; 5, engine; 6, mutton-chop; 7, point; 8, Tattycoram; 9, upright; 10, tasted; 11, science; 12, gore; 13, wittles; 14, drama; 15, wale; 16, amuthed; 17, always; 18, Pip; 19, oncommon; 20, tear; 21, shaving; 22, Christmas; 23, niggers; 24, five-and-twenty; 25, jolly; 26, sentiments; 27, lay,; 28, rosy; 29, weal; 30, Harris.

THE BIRTHDAY IN HAWAII

THERE were 165 guests at the Birthday Dinner of the Honolulu Branch, when Dr. Robinson, late President of the College of the City of New York, proposed the Immortal Memory, and Mr. Norman Wright presented a unique programme entitled "Dickens by Decades."

Photos by] [*Leslie C. Staples*

A KENSAL GREEN CIRCLE

BY LESLIE C. STAPLES

WHEN Harrison Ainsworth came to live at Kensal Green in 1835, he selected Kensal Lodge for his residence. Nowhere around London was the country prettier than here; Kensal Green being on high ground the front of the house looked over the chain of undulating, thickly-wooded meadows through which ran a footpath to the little village of Willesden and beyond were the heights of Kingsbury and Harrow. At the rear there was an extensive view over the countryside of North Kensington by way of the Norland House estate, the Porto Bello farm lands, and Notting Hill, famous for its nuts and nightingales; and then away beyond the Thames to the Surrey Hills, "a superb panorama . . . a vast and beautiful prospect . . . exquisite indeed" as Ainsworth himself declared in "Jack Sheppard."

This and other glowing descriptions of the district are well worth recalling now that the Green of Kensal is lost in a welter of bricks and mortar, the equal of which is hardly to be found in any other part of London. One oasis still remains, however, Kensal Green Cemetery, and it is of this that something more than a few words should be recorded in *The Dickensian.*

Kensal Lodge as it stands to-day backs on the cemetery, but that fact did not worry Ainsworth when he entered upon his residence there, for the adjacent fifty-six acres of land had only lately been acquired by a company and was then being laid out in emulation of the famous Père la Chaise at Paris to become the first among the many cemeteries soon to be planned on the outskirts of the town and relieve the much overcrowded churchyard burial-grounds of the older part of London.

So, whilst at Kensal Lodge, and later at Kensal Manor House adjoining it, Ainsworth was gathering around him a joyous circle of brilliant young men, Maclise, Stanfield, Cruikshank, Lover, Shirley Brooks, Dyce, Forster, and Dickens, the adjacent cemetery was gradually becoming more complete; the cypress trees were flourishing, and here and there "storied urn or animated bust" were arising in great variety. Were it not for the fact that Dickens came at last to lie in Westminster Abbey, the members of this first Dickens circle at Kensal Green might be gathered around him still; for they all lie together just behind the garden walls of the two houses, where the air so often rang with their merriment.

In later years, when Dickens often rode this way to pay his last respects to many an old friend, he must have recalled those happy days of his first success. The first such sad journey was, we believe, made in May, 1837, when Mary Hogarth was here laid to rest, beneath a stone inscribed with a memorial of his own composition: "Young, beautiful, and good, God, in his mercy, numbered her amongst his angels at the early age of seventeen."

"Her body lies in the beautiful cemetery in the Harrow Road," he wrote to a correspondent* (name unknown) the month following. "I

* "Letters of Charles Dickens." Nonesuch Edition. Vol. I, page 112.

saw her grave but a few days ago and the grass around it was as green and the flowers as bright as if nothing of the earth in which they grew could ever wither or fade." A month later there is this letter to Ainsworth*: "Kindly remember that you promised to speak to the gardener at the cemetery for me. And if for some fee, he will plant a rose tree or a few little flowers on that early grave, oblige me by giving it to him until I see you."

Dickens long cherished the hope of one day resting in that grave, but he yielded his claims to her brother George in 1841. In 1870 their father, George Hogarth, the musical historian, was buried in the same grave, having been preceded by his wife, Georgina, in 1863.

In the adjoining grave lie Mary Hogarth's maternal grandparents, George Thomson, the friend of Burns, who died in 1851, and his wife, Katherine, who was brought here ten years earlier. For the latter Dickens also composed an epitaph, which for some reason, however, was not used.†

In 1845 Tom Hood was interred here and his grave is now marked by a portrait bust which was erected by public subscription. When the poet first met Dickens he went home and told his wife to cut off his right hand and bottle it for it had shaken hands with Boz. Another humourist friend to be buried at Kensal Green in this same year was Sydney Smith, for whom Dickens had a great regard and after whom he named a son.

It was in 1859 that Leigh Hunt followed. Although not a very close friend he was held in high regard. The circumstances of his appearance in *Bleak House* as Harold Skimpole are too well known to need recapitulation here. When, in 1869, Dickens was asked to speak at the inauguration of the bust seen in the accompanying photograph, which, like that of Hood, was the result of public subscription, he replied: "I do not expect or wish my feelings in this wise to guide other men; still, it is so serious with me, and the idea of ever being the subject of such a ceremony myself is so repugnant to my soul, that I must decline to officiate."

Dickens's greatest contemporary in letters, William Makepeace Thackeray, was borne to Kensal Green in 1863. Notwithstanding the famous break in their friendship, they had a deep regard for each other and their reconciliation at an accidental meeting at the Athenæum was a source of much gratification to both of them. A few days later Dickens stood at the graveside of his friend, when, we are told, "he had a look of bereavement in his face which was indescribable. When all others had turned aside from the grave he still stood there, as if rooted to the spot, watching with almost haggard eyes every spadeful of dust that was thrown upon it. Walking away with some friends,

* "Letters by Charles Dickens." Nonesuch Edition. Vol. I, page 121.

† See *The Dickensian*, 1940, page 79. Dickens's own family do not lie here but at Highgate, where he had purchased a family grave, when his infant daughter Dora died. Here other children and eventually Mrs. Dickens were buried. At Highgate also lie his parents and his brother Alfred. Georgina Hogarth and Charles Dickens the younger lie at Mortlake, Mamie and Katie Dickens at Sevenoaks, and Sir Henry Fielding Dickens at Putney Vale.

he began to talk, but presently . . . his voice quivered a little, and shaking hands all round, rapidly he went off alone."

A year later John Leech was laid in the adjoining grave, so that here, side by side, lie two men who had once been aspirants for the post of illustrating *Pickwick*, left vacant by the untimely death of Seymour. Leech was a prominent member of the Dickens circle in the amateur acting days, and of that group yielded pride of place to few in the heart of its leader.

In 1867 Clarkson Stanfield, "noble old Stanny," followed. He had been one of the closest friends from the Kensal Lodge days, through the days of the amateur theatricals, upon which, as is well known, his art was generously employed, and he was always a welcome guest at Gads Hill. It was Stanny, who during his very latest hours effected a reconciliation between Dickens and Mark Lemon, who had been estranged since 1858 and who clasped hands once more over Stanfield's open grave. He lies in the Roman Catholic portion of the cemetery.

In the following year Samuel Lover was brought to Kensal Green, and in 1869 Alexander Dyce was buried here. Both had been of the early Kensal Lodge circle.

Then, in 1870, a few short weeks before the fatal 9th of June, Dickens made what was probably his last pilgrimage to Kensal Green, when all that was mortal of his best loved friend, Daniel Maclise, was laid to rest but a few yards from the grave of Mary Hogarth. Dickens was deeply affected by the passing of "Dear old Mac," and his last public utterance was a noble tribute to his friend at the Royal Academy Banquet.

Six weeks later Dickens was brought from Gads Hill to Westminster Abbey, and nearly all of that once joyous company at Kensal Lodge were gone. Strange that he who brought them together, Harrison Ainsworth, lingered on all but forgotten by public and friends alike. He and Dickens had not met for years, and the story is told that some time in the sixties Browning mentioned to Forster that he had accidentally met Ainsworth. "Good Heavens, is he still alive?" exclaimed Forster. It was not until 1882 at Brighton that he passed on, but he was brought to Kensal Green to rest where that brilliant company with which he had surrounded himself almost half a century before, were now, except the greatest of them all, gathered around him still.

In 1873 Kensal Green received William Charles Macready, a long loved friend who died in his eightieth year. No photograph of his grave appears here—he lies in the catacombs beneath the portico seen in the photograph of Forster's tomb. In the portico, however, is a memorial tablet to this great actor.

The following year saw the interment of Shirley Brooks, another friend of many years. Then, in 1876, John Forster himself, the guide, chronicler, and friend, was laid to rest here in a family vault that he had built eight years before.

The last great friend of Dickens to make his final journey to Kensal Green was the beloved Wilkie Collins, whose interment took place in 1889. Others of the Dickens circle whose graves may be seen at

Kensal Green are Sir Charles Eastlake, R.A., Allan Cunningham, and George Cruikshank, whose remains have since been removed to St. Paul's Cathedral. Of contemporary theatrical figures in whom Dickens was greatly interested, Charles James Matthews, Madame Vestris, John Liston, and Ducrow (of Astley's) also lie here.

Thus an interesting pilgrimage awaits the Dickensian who finds his way to Kensal Green, but he will be fortunate indeed if on his first visit he finds all the monuments mentioned here. Maybe, however, he will meet with an experience such as that which befel the writer at the Protestant Cemetery at Florence. Asking for the grave of another great friend of Dickens, the aged custodian called—yes it *must* have been—his grand-daughter, a slight and demure little child, who gravely led the way amongst the tombs, like another little child among the waxworks—past that of "Signora Browning," as she called her, to the grave of Walter Savage Landor.

A COACHING DREAM OF DICKENS

(WAITING FOR THE HORSES)

Mr. Frank Speaight has kindly lent us the block of the above picture by John W. Houghton, which he used extensively for his Recitals some years ago. The key to the 141 characters represented will be found on pages 152/3; but before turning to it, just try how many you can discover for yourself.

"MR. CHARLES DICKENS WILL READ"

By WALTER DEXTER

COMMENCING in 1858 and continuing into 1859, in 1861-62, 1866-67, and 1868-70 there were to be seen in the daily press advertisements, of which the following taken from "The Devonport and Plymouth Telegraph" of Saturday, July 24th, 1858, is a typical example:

MR. CHARLES DICKENS
will read at St. George's Hall, Stonehouse,
on Wednesday Evening, August 4th, at 8 o'clock, his
CHRISTMAS CAROL.
On Thursday Afternoon, August 5th, at 3 o'clock, the story of
LITTLE DOMBEY.
On Thursday Evening, August 5th, at 8 o'clock, his
THE POOR TRAVELLER,
BOOTS AT THE HOLLY TREE INN,
and MRS. GAMP.

Prices of Admission—Stalls (numbered and reserved, which can be taken from a Plan), Five Shillings; Area, Half-a-Crown; Gallery and Back Seats, One Shilling.

Tickets to be had at Mr. Roger Lidstone's Fine Art and Book Repository, 16 George Street, Plymouth.

Each Reading will last Two Hours.

These professional readings arose naturally out of the many occasions on which, as we saw in our last article, Dickens had appeared before the public, reading from his own works for the benefit of charitable institutions. The story is fully told by Forster, with long extracts from Dickens's letters to him, and there is no need to go over the whole ground afresh. Forster was much against the idea, but in the end he succumbed, and as the "Illustrated London News" said on June 31st, 1858, "Mr. Dickens has invented a new medium for amusing an English audience and merits the gratitude of an intelligent public."

Arthur Smith, who had been associated with Dickens in the Jerrold Fund, became his business manager, and the first of the professional readings was given at the St. Martin's Hall, London, on Thursday, April 29th, 1858. At first one reading each week was contemplated, but after a month a demand arose for afternoon readings, and four of these were arranged for Wednesdays at 3 o'clock.

The prices of admission were: stalls, numbered and reserved, five shillings; area and galleries, also reserved, half-a-crown; and unreserved seats, one shilling.

Seventeen such readings were given—according to advertisements in *Household Words*. Kent gives the number as sixteen, and so does Forster, who appears to have taken his information from Kent's book.

The Cricket on the Hearth was the first story to be read in this "First Series," followed on subsequent nights by *The Chimes*, *A Christmas Carol*, and *Little Dombey*. In the middle of June Dickens introduced

(*Continued on page* 136)

DICKENS 'AS 'A READER: TW

THE Dickens House has recently acquired two oil paintings, reproduced above, the gift of Count de Suzannet and Mr. Ifan Kyrle Fletcher. They were given to Georgina Hogarth in January, 1904, by the artist, Robert Hannah, and bear inscriptions by both the artist and Miss Hogarth. Both paintings were made from memory the morning after the artist had been present at the Readings.

The first portrait represents Dickens giving his first Reading, presumably that in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children. It was due

to the inconvenience of the height of the reading-desk then provided that Dickens had one specially constructed to suit his own requirements ; his own design for this was reproduced in *The Dickensian*, 1933, page 173.

The finished desk, which is now in the Dickens House, is shown in the second painting. It was used by Dickens for all his public readings in this country and America. On this picture Miss Hogarth has written " Date uncertain, probably about May 6th [1858]."

a triple bill consisting of *The Poor Traveller*, *Boots at the Holly Tree Inn*, and *Mrs. Gamp*. Here is a complete list.

THE FIRST SERIES OF READINGS AT ST. MARTIN'S HALL, LONDON.

Date.	*Reading.*
1858.	
Thursday, April 29th.	*The Cricket on the Hearth.*
Thursday, May 6th.	*The Chimes.*
Thursday, May 13th.	*A Christmas Carol.*
Thursday, May 20th.	*The Cricket on the Hearth.*
Wed. Aftn., May 26th.	*A Christmas Carol.*
Thursday, May 27th.	*The Chimes.*
Thursday, June 3rd.	*The Chimes.*
Wed. Aftn., June 9th.	*A Christmas Carol.*
Thursday, June 10th.	*Little Dombey.*
Thursday, June 17th.	*The Poor Traveller*; *Boots at the Holly Tree Inn*; *Mrs. Gamp.*
Wed. Aftn., June 23rd.	*Little Dombey.*
Thursday, June 24th.	*A Christmas Carol.*
Thursday, July 1st.	*The Poor Traveller*; *Boots at the Holly Tree Inn*; *Mrs. Gamp.*
Thursday, July 8th.	*The Chimes.*
Wed. Aftn., July 14th.	*A Christmas Carol.*
Thursday, July 15th.	*The Poor Traveller*; *Boots at the Holly Tree Inn*; *Mrs. Gamp.*
Thursday, July 22nd.	*Little Dombey.*

In little more than a week after the closing reading at St.Martin's Hall, Dickens set off on a provincial tour and gave 87 readings between that date and the middle of November when the tour ended at Brighton on November 13th.

On Christmas Eve, Boxing Night, and Twelfth Night three special Christmas Readings of the *Carol* and *Pickwick Trial* were given in London, again at St. Martin's Hall; this time the prices were reduced to four shillings, two shillings, and one shilling. Five other readings followed at the same place during January and February; this completed 111 readings under the management of Arthur Smith, who died before the autumn tour to certain provincial towns not visited on the first tour, although all the necessary arrangements for it had been made by him.

For some unaccountable reason Charles Kent omits all reference to the thirteen readings in October, 1859.

In the first provincial tour of 1858 (and its continuation in the autumn of 1859), the reading of a single piece appears to have been the custom, and of these the *Carol* held first place; when the visit lasted more than one night a "triple bill" invariably formed the programme on the second occasion.

The Trial scene from *Pickwick* does not appear to have been included

in the readings until September 23rd, 1858, at Manchester, when it followed the *Carol*.

We had planned to include in the list printed on pages 138-9 the programme presented on each occasion, but our verification of these details has unfortunately been cut short by the activity of the enemy. However, the pieces read during the first series of readings were selected from those named above. Dickens added other readings to his repertoire for subsequent visits, and these will be dealt with in another article.

IT MOULTS NOT A FEATHER

How often in these dark days do we hear of Mark Tapley, whose spirit, every Overseas mail repeats, is inherent in everyone in these islands to-day; but when one contemplates not only the moving sympathy but the practical assistance that also flows from overseas in ever increasing volume, one wonders whether Mark would have been satisfied that the position was such that he could wholeheartedly give himself up to jollity. One is rather tempted to remember Dick Swiveller's, shall I say, prayer. His "Wing of Friendship" is by no means moulting; indeed it appears to be part of a bird that lays eggs of gold!

Many a citizen of these battered islands has evidence of this to-day, and we of the Dickens Fellowship are no exceptions. When the shadow fell upon us, there was an immediate response from some Overseas Branches to our Appeal for "Friends of the Dickens House," in order to render our own great national memorial to Dickens financially secure. We hope more will follow. Then other branches in the New World, unasked, sent donations to aid us in carrying on the work of the Fellowship, and since the intensification of the aerial bombardment of our cities, we have further practical sympathy (again unasked) for the children of the bombed areas.

Philadelphia, as reported in the last number, sent $100 to entertain such children with Christmas cheer. New Yorkers passed round the hat at a meeting and sent us £2 9*s*. 4*d*. to aid a Tiny Tim who had felt the spite of our enemies. Madison Branch sent £6 16*s*. 7*d*. to aid in this merciful work, and the Victoria (B.C.) Branch decided to forego its usual Birthday Dinner, and each member gave the equivalent of the cost of a ticket to the Lord Mayor of London's Air Raid Distress Fund.

Vancouver reports the setting up of a special committee to raise moneys for the assistance of these pathetic victims of totalitarian warfare. We have already received two instalments of £20 and £25 respectively.

We hear of children being removed from the ruins of their homes without anything but that in which they stand up. It is a great privilege to seek out such children and to offer them the friendly assistance of our distant cousins. We need not be in any doubt about what Dickens would have said about all this—"A (not so) Small Star in the . . ." West. We send our greetings back over the seas to these Branches, with pride in their trust and gratitude for their timely sympathy.—L. C. S.

THE FIRST READING TOUR

Date.			*Town.*	*Place.*
	1858			
Monday	August	2	Clifton.	Victoria Rooms.
Tuesday	,,	3	Exeter.	Royal Public Rooms.
Wednesday	,,	4	Plymouth.	St. George's Hall, Stonehouse.
Thursday (twice)	,,	5	Plymouth.	St. George's Hall, Stonehouse.
Friday	,,	6	Clifton.	Victoria Rooms.
Tuesday	August	10	Worcester.	Music Hall.
Wednesday	,,	11	Wolverhampton.	Exchange Hall.
Thursday	,,	12	Shrewsbury.	Music Hall.
Friday	,,	13	Chester.	Music Hall.
Wednesday	August	18	Liverpool.	Philharmonic Hall.
Thursday	,,	19	Liverpool.	Philharmonic Hall.
Friday	,,	20	Liverpool.	Philharmonic Hall.
Saturday (Aftn.)	,,	21	Liverpool.	Philharmonic Hall.
Monday	August	23	Dublin.	Rotunda.
Tuesday	,,	24	Dublin.	Rotunda.
Wednesday (twice)	,,	25	Dublin.	Rotunda.
Thursday	,,	26	Dublin.	Rotunda.
Friday	,,	27	Belfast.	Victoria Hall.
Saturday (twice)	,,	28	Belfast.	Victoria Hall.
Monday	August	30	Cork.	Athenæum.
Tuesday (twice)	,,	31	Cork.	Athenæum.
Wednesday	September	1	Limerick.	Theatre.
Thursday	,,	2	Limerick.	Theatre.
Wednesday	September	8	Huddersfield.	Gymnasium Hall.
Thursday	,,	9	Wakefield.	Corn Exchange.
Friday	,,	10	York.	Festival Concert Room.
Saturday (twice)	,,	11	Harrogate.	Spa Rooms.
Monday (twice)	September	13	Scarborough.	Assembly Rooms.
Tuesday	,,	14	Hull.	Music Hall.
Wednesday	,,	15	Leeds.	Mechanics' Institute.
Thursday	,,	16	Halifax.	Oddfellows' Hall.
Friday	,,	17	Sheffield.	Music Hall.
Saturday	,,	18	Manchester.	Free Trade Hall.
Tuesday	September	21	Darlington.	Assembly Rooms.
Wednesday	,,	22	Durham.	Town Hall.
Thursday	,,	23	Sunderland.	Theatre Royal.
Friday	,,	24	Newcastle.	Town Hall.
Saturday (twice)	,,	25	Newcastle.	Town Hall.
Monday	September	27	Edinburgh.	Queen Street Hall.
Tuesday	,,	28	Edinburgh.	Queen Street Hall.
Wednesday (twice)		29	Edinburgh.	Queen Street Hall.
Thursday	,,	30	Edinburgh.	Queen Street Hall.
Friday	October	1	Dundee.	Corn Exchange Hall.
Saturday	,,	2	Dundee.	Corn Exchange Hall.

Date.	*Town.*	*Place.*
Monday (twice) October 4	Aberdeen.	Ball Room, County Rooms.
Tuesday ,, 5	Perth.	City Hall.
Wednesday ,, 6	Glasgow.	City Hall.
Thursday ,, 7	Glasgow.	City Hall.
Friday ,, 8	Glasgow.	City Hall.
Saturday (Aftn.) ,, 9	Glasgow.	City Hall.
Thursday October 14	Bradford.	St. George's Hall.
Friday (twice) ,, 15	Liverpool.	Philharmonic Hall.
Saturday ,, 16	Manchester.	Free Trade Hall.
Monday October 18	Birmingham.	Music Hall.
Tuesday ,, 19	Birmingham.	Music Hall.
Wednesday ,, 20	Birmingham.	Music Hall.
Thursday ,, 21	Nottingham.	Mechanics' Hall.
Friday ,, 22	Derby.	Lecture Hall.
Saturday ,, 23	Manchester.	Free Trade Hall.
Tuesday October 26	Hull.	Music Hall.
Wednesday (Aftn.) ,, 27	Hull.	Music Hall.
Thursday ,, 28	Leeds.	Mechanics' Institute.
Friday ,, 29	Sheffield.	Music Hall.
Tuesday (twice) November 2	Leamington.	Music Hall.
Wednesday ,, 3	Wolverhampton.	Exchange Hall.
Thursday ,, 4	Leicester.	Temperance Hall.
Friday ,, 5	Oxford.	Town Hall.
Saturday (Aftn.) ,, 6	Oxford.	Town Hall.
Monday November 8	Reading.	Mechanics' Institute.*
Tuesday ,, 9	Southampton.	Victoria Rooms.
Wednesday (Aftn.) ,, 10	Southampton.	Victoria Rooms.
Thursday (twice) ,, 11	Portsmouth.	St. George's Hall.
Friday (Aftn.) ,, 12	Brighton.	Town Hall.
Saturday (twice) ,, 13	Brighton.	Town Hall.
Friday December 24	London.	St. Martin's Hall.
Monday ,, 27	London.	St. Martin's Hall.
Wednesday. ,, 29	Chatham.	Mechanics' Institute.*
1859.		
Thursday January 6	London.	St. Martin's Hall.
Thursday ,, 13	London.	St. Martin's Hall.
Thursday ,, 20	London.	St. Martin's Hall.
Friday ,, 28	London.	St. Martin's Hall.
Thursday February 3	London.	St. Martin's Hall.
Tuesday ,, 8	London.	St. Martin's Hall.
Monday October 10	Ipswich.	Mechanics' Institute.
Tuesday ,, 11	Norwich.	St. Andrew's Hall.
Wednesday ,, 12	Norwich.	St. Andrew's Hall.
Thursday ,, 13	Bury St. Edmunds.	Athenæum Hall.
Monday October 17	Cambridge.	Guildhall.
Tuesday ,, 18	Cambridge.	Guildhall.
Wednesday ,, 19	Peterborough.	Corn Exchange.
Thursday ,, 20	Bradford.	St. George's Hall.
Friday ,, 21	Nottingham.	Mechanics' Hall.
Monday ,, 24	Oxford.	Town Hall.
Tuesday ,, 25	Oxford.	Town Hall.
Wednesday ,, 26	Birmingham.	Music Hall.
Thursday ,, 27	Cheltenham.	Music Hall.

* For the benefit of the Mechanics' Institute.

MISSING WORDS

1. There is a —— about Lant Street in the Borough.
2. Virtue is it's own reward. So's ——.
3. —— must be maintained.
4. Dead as a ——.
5. The Press is a mighty ——.
6. Jip must have a —— every day at twelve or he'll die.
7. Not to put too fine a —— upon it.
8. Count five and twenty —— .
9. Always —— behind the proprieties.
10. It can't be - - in a sip.
11. Chock full of — — .
12. Something will come of this. I hope it mayn't be human —— .
13. The - — is up.
14. The —— is gone, perfectly gone.
15. What a blessed thing it is — living in a —— - to be contented.
16. People mutht be — —, somehow.
17. It was —— said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well.
18. On the rampage - - -, and off the rampage Pip, such is life.
19. If you can't get to be —— through going straight, you'll never get to do it by going crooked.
20. Repining is of no use. Of all fruitless errands, sending a - - to look after the day that is gone is the most fruitless.
21. When the worst comes to the worst, no man is without a friend who is possessed of —— materials.
22. There seems a magic in the very name of ——.
23. What's the good o' flannel veskits to the young —— abroad ?
24. I have heard how many ord'nary women are widders equal to, in pint o' coming over you. I think it's - —, but I don't rightly know vether it ain't more.
25. My constitution is, to be ——; and my weakness is, to wish to find a credit in it.
26. My - —— are of little consequences I know, for my positions is but a servant, and as sich, of humilities.
27. If I could afford to ——— all my fellow creeturs out for nothing, I would gladly do it, sich is the luv I bears 'em.
28. What is the odds, so long as the spirit is expanded by means of —— wine, and the present moment is the least happiest of our existence.
29. Werry good thing is a - pie, when you knows the lady as made it.
30. I know a lady, which her name, I'll not deceive you, is ——.

(Answers will be found on page 127.)

THE OVERTURE

By J. H. McNULTY

I.

EVERYONE, or almost everyone, loves travelling, but if through indolence, indifferent health, or the eternal want of pence which vexes all of us, travelling is impossible, there is an excellent substitute. This substitute has many advantages, for here there is no anxiety about catching trains, no fear of missing the boat, no danger of luggage going astray, no worry about weather, hotels, or the company we may meet, no trouble at the Customs, and, above all, no expense. If we don't like the journey we can break it off anywhere and find ourselves at once comfortably at home. It is to travel through the pages of a book—*The Pickwick Papers* is one of the best of travel books. It is true it does not take us any great distances, and the rate of travelling is by modern standards very slow, but the slower you travel the more you see on the way.

The Pickwickians undertook their journeys with so much zest that they imparted this zest to their readers. They threw themselves into the adventure of living with so great a joy that the whole world has been able to share it with them. They have been so sharing it for over a hundred years, and as the source of this joy seems almost inexhaustible, there seems no reason why the world should not continue sharing it with them for many years to come. All may read *Pickwick* for the pleasures of travel, for its humour or pathos, but there is one pleasure reserved for those only who know their Dickens well. It is that of recognising the themes of the future novels which are to be found throughout the book. It is this which makes *Pickwick* unique; it is the overture to the opera of Charles Dickens. But there is this difference—the composer of an opera knows what themes he has used or will use in the completed work. Dickens cannot have known the subjects of all the books he was to write. So it must have been an accident, but it is the sort of accident that happens only to a man of genius, and has happened only to Dickens. To say that he wrote *Pickwick* and then went on repeating himself is like saying you have seen an opera because you've heard the overture.

The first of these anticipations is at Eatanswill, where the Pickwickians arrive in the middle of an election. The follies of party politics is a subject he will deal with again in his last completed novel, *Our Mutual Friend*, in the far more elaborate satire on the election for Pocket-Breaches.

At Eatanswill there were free drinks for the men and green parasols for the women; at Pocket Breaches there was nothing so plebeian, but it is mentioned "that if Veneering will 'put down' five thousand pounds he may write a couple of initial letters after his name at the extremely cheap rate of two thousand five hundred per letter."

At each election there was a pathetic incident. At Eatanswill the honourable Samuel Slumkey patted six babies on the head and kissed them to please the electors. At the election for Pocket Breaches, Mrs. Veneering supplies the sentiment. "You will all think it foolish

of me, I know, but I must mention it. As I sat by Baby's crib on the night before the election, Baby was very uneasy in her sleep." The Analytical Chemist, who is gloomily looking on, has diabolical impulses to suggest " Wind " and throw up his situation, but represses them. " After an interval almost convulsive, Baby curled her little hands in one another and smiled."

Mrs. Veneering stopping here, Mr. Podsnap deems it incumbent on him to say : " I wonder why ! "

" Could it be, I asked myself," says Mrs. Veneering looking about her for her pocket handkerchief, " that the Fairies were telling Baby in her sleep that her papa would shortly be an M.P. ? " Could there be anything more touching ?

At Eatanswill we are among quite ordinary people, but at the Veneering election we meet the really important people, the persons who really count.

Dickens's satire on the press in the persons of Pott and Slurk and their two papers is an anticipation of his far more devastating attack on the American press in *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Mr. Pott is very valiant in the pages of the " Eatanswill Gazette," but powerless before the hysterical attacks of his wife, who is ably assisted by her attendant Goodwin.

" Oh, my dear mistress, what is the matter ? "

" Your master—your brutal master," murmured the patient.

Pott was evidently giving away.

" It's a shame," said the bodyguard reproachfully. " I know he'll be the death of you, ma'am. Poor dear thing ! "

" Oh don't leave me—don't leave me, Goodwin," murmured Mrs. Pott. " You're the only person that's kind to me, Goodwin."

At this affecting appeal, Goodwin got up a little domestic tragedy of her own and shed tears copiously.

" Never, ma'am, never," said Goodwin. " Oh, sir, you should be careful, you should—you should, indeed; you don't know what harm you may do missus ; you'll be sorry for it one day I know—I've always said so."

It is Goodwin who speaks, but it is the voice of Miggs, who plays such an important part in Mrs. Varden's tearful attacks on her long-suffering husband.

It is sometimes asked why Dickens, who gave the real names of so many places, gave three of them fictitious ones. A suggestion may be made. As scenes similar to those at Eatanswill probably took place at many towns, it would have been unfair to name any one place as being the scene of these election follies and misdemeanours. Eatanswill would apply equally to them all. It is generally believed that Sudbury is the real place.

Muggleton might be so named from the preposterous cricket match played there. The people who played such cricket as that and were proud of it must have been " mugs," and so their town would be Muggleton.

Experts differ concerning the identity of Muggleton. Many places have been suggested, and where experts differ it is not for us to decide.

" Non nobis tantas componere lites."

Dingley Dell has been thought to be a sort of portmanteau word of the second syllables of Sandling and Boxley. But surely the beauty of the name is its own sufficient reason, a pleasant touch of rusticity and the sound of bells ringing over the peaceful countryside.

It was at one of his visits to Dingley Dell that Mr. Pickwick heard on Christmas Eve the beautiful story of Gabriel Grub, the best of all the incidental stories. This tale is a perfect prelude to *A Christmas Carol.*

Grub " was an ill-conditioned, cross-grained, surly fellow " and so was Scrooge. Grub " rapped the boy, who was shouting out a song, over the head, to teach him to modulate his voice."

When Scrooge heard a carol-singer at his office door, " he seized the ruler with such energy of action that the singer fled in terror."

On Christmas Eve Grub went out " to dig a grave and drank Hollands *alone,*" and Scrooge took his melancholy dinner at his usua lmelancholy tavern ; and having read all the newspapers, beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed."

Gabriel Grub might have been Scrooge's poorer brother. They were both melancholy and friendless, and took pleasure in being so when others were rejoicing with their friends. The visions shown to both were similar in several ways, and that of the bereaved family grieving over the death of their youngest child reminds one of what the last of the Spirits showed Scrooge, the Cratchits weeping over the death of Tiny Tim, who after all " did not die."

Some of the finest pages of *Pickwick* are those which describe lawyers and scenes in the Law Courts, and these form a brilliant prologue to that great book, *Bleak House.*

In the Fleet Prison we meet the man who was " ruined by having money left him," a case which bears a striking resemblance to the more famous one of Jarndyce and Jarndyce. Chadband is a more dignified Stiggins, while the description of the debtor's prison foreshadows *Little Dorrit,* a book written many years after.

II.

The Pickwick Papers not only anticipates the future novels, but also anticipates later criticisms. It is sometimes said that a Dickens character always does what is expected of him. Mr. Winkle's actions on two occasions contradict this, for twice he does the exact opposite of what the reader expects.

When he is called out to fight the duel with Dr. Slammer he is in a terrible fright, but no sooner is the mistake discovered and Dr. Slammer cries " That's not the man " than Mr. Winkle assumes a very gallant attitude and says he knew there was a mistake but was bound to maintain the honour of the proposed uniform of the Pickwick Club.

When he flies from the infuriated Dowler at Bath and then meets him by accident at Bristol, Winkle is again terrified, but the moment he discovers that Dowler is more frightened than he is, he at once puts on a haughty air, assumes a look of importance, and makes Dowler feel that he has just escaped something horrible and destructive.

Winkle's sudden change and the cleverness with which he turns an awkward situation to his own advantage are not things anyone would have expected.

It is sometimes said that a Dickens character never changes. Mr. Pickwick shows the falsity of that criticism for he does change ; at the beginning of the book he is a figure of fun, at the end a wise and trusted friend.

The Pickwick Papers is a book of anticipations ; throughout its pages forthcoming books cast their bright shadows before them ; it is the perfect overture to the opera of Charles Dickens.

HOW WE RUN OUR BRANCH

(13) BATH

In our " strategy " we endeavour to cover three points :

First—A " bond of union " among lovers of Dickens.

Second—To give members something to look forward to by bringing them regularly together in a social atmosphere.

Third—To keep the name of Dickens and his works in the public mind by well-written press reports of our meetings, and occasionally a dramatic performance.

The first is, I think, attained by readings of the book for the season. Each reading is in charge of a leader, who " casts " characters appearing in his section of the book for suitable members. These read the conversation paragraphs in dialogue, omitting descriptive matter, which the leader fills in more or less condensed. Any paragraphs of a specially interesting character from a literary, travel or other aspect, are also allotted to readers.

The second is by holding our meetings in a bright, warm and comfortable room, with a break at half-time for a chat over a cup of coffee.

The third, a " press secretary," sends a nicely written report of each meeting to the local newspaper. On special occasions such as social evenings and dramatic nights, the Press is invited, and their photographer comes too. Last February we had, for the first time, a morning function on Dickens's birthday. The Mayor attended and placed a wreath on the fine bronze bust of Charles Dickens in the Pump Room, which the late Percy Fitzgerald presented to the City some years ago.

Lastly, all these efforts are supervised by carefully chosen officers. A talented lady coaches suitable members for the annual " dramatic evening." Another, with a friendly smile and kindly word for everyone, acts as Hon. Secretary, and an enthusiastic Committee give all the help and backing they can to all these efforts, earnestly made to run the Branch, becomingly to a Dickensian City like Bath.

W. J. Hallett (*Immediate Past President*).

DICKROSTICS SOLUTIONS

(See Page 111)

No. 1.—" How is my little friend ? " 1, Samuel ; 2, Eatanswill ; 3, Ipswich ; 4, Ice ; 5, Roker ; 6, Turveydrop ; 7, Nadgett ; 8, Micawber ; 9, Traddles ; 10, Littimer ; 11, Doady ; 12, Yawler ; 13, Waterbrook ; 14, Floy ; 15, Louisa ; 16, Idle ; 17, Esther ; 18, Orlick ; 19, Handel.

No. 2.—" People mutht be amuthed." 1, Tupman ; 2, Upwitch ; 3, Oliver ; 4, Hawk ; 5, Alphonse ; 6, Barnaby ; 7, Tigg ; 8, Peggotty ; 9, Em'ly ; 10, Emma ; 11, Uriah ; 12, Tattycoram ; 13, Plornish ; 14, Manette ; 15, Estella ; 16, Harmon ; 17, Mangred ; 18, Lamps ; 19, Edwin ; 20, Drood.

THE DICKENS DIETARY

By T. W. HILL

I—BREAKFAST

I.

NO reader of current fiction can fail to notice that very little attention is devoted to the meals of characters in modern novels. One might almost conclude that the inhabitants of Fiction-land manage to exist without nourishment. It is true that there is an occasional reference to a visit to a restaurant for a sketchy kind of meal, of which only one course is mentioned and that one generally a sweet or perhaps the novelist's favourite liqueur with coffee. Or a dinner may be served at which the main item is a bottle of some well-known brand of champagne or port of an impossible vintage.

If the modern cult of "realism" lived up to the correct meaning of that often misused word, the reader should be informed how the men and women whose mental and ethical lives are the subject of so much concern to the modern author, manage to sustain the energy required for the working out of the complicated lives they are compelled to lead whilst pursuing their (often) unlawful occasions.

Dickens, the realist *par excellence*, recognised, in describing the intimate lives of his immortals, the necessity of food, and was as particular in supplying them with meals as in supplying the details of their personal appearance, their clothing, their idiosyncracies and their every-day activities. This is one of the reasons why his characters are really alive. We *know* them.

Dickens was fond of the pleasures of the table and showed a relish in his description of them. He knew also the value of post-prandial talk. His own hospitality was unbounded, and he was well aware that much of the most important work of the world is transacted at a banquet, a private dinner-party, a tea, or a breakfast. He reproduced his convictions in his writings and by doing so he gave them a marked sociological value, as the meals he records throw a revealing light on the feeding habits and personal tastes of the middle classes during the nineteenth century.

An interesting essay might be written on Dickens's profound knowledge of food and feeding and his general treatment of this important side of life, but such a theme is beyond the scope of this series; the present review treats of the first meal of the day.

II.

Breakfast is to most people an essential part of life; some demand a hearty meal; some are satisfied with a mere "stay"; some regard it as a routine affair. A few abstain from food altogether and take only a cup of tea or coffee. Dickens differentiates with a nice perception these various classes, and we will deal with the simple-feeders first, always bearing in mind that slimming, vitamins, and calories were unknown in his day.

Take, for instance, the first paragraph of the first short story that Dickens ever wrote. Although the story is ostensibly about a dinner at Poplar Walk, the opening concerns a breakfast, and we are introduced to Mr. Minns, " clean, precise and tidy," at his morning meal, alternately biting his dry toast and perusing his morning paper; there was a ham on the table, but the historian does not say that Mr. Minns had any himself, although he suggests to Mr. Budden the advisability of not maiming the joint by carving it the wrong way.

As the first meal about which Dickens wrote was a breakfast for a bachelor, so was also the last meal in his last story a breakfast for a bachelor; we know little of its composition except that the " single buffer of an easy temper " Mr. Datchery " falls to with an appetite "; there the pen falls from Dickens's hand, and we have no information about the constituents of Mrs. Tope's " very neat, clean breakfast," nor of Mr. Datchery's reactions to it, nor of the effect it might have had on the solution of the Mystery of Edwin Drood.

For ultra-simplicity surely the prime example is that taken by Mr. Pickwick on the morning when he started on his journeyings; he apparently imbibed only coffee; that same night there was a ball at Rochester and Mr. Pickwick at breakfast the next morning " evinced an unusual attachment to silence and soda-water." These were, however, exceptional occasions for usually he was less modest in his requirements.

Equally simple was David Copperfield's " own exclusive breakfast " when lodging with the Micawbers at Windsor Terrace; it consisted of " a penny loaf and a pennyworth of milk," and even this was an advance on Ralph Nickleby's " penny loaf and a ha'porth of milk " as he walked to the city of a morning. But Ralph was a money-grubber. Young David did not find milk and bread sufficiently sustaining for his long walk from Windsor Terrace to the blacking warehouse, and he " could not resist the stale pastry put out for sale at the pastry-cooks' door and spent in that the money I should have kept for my dinner." Sunday morning was a veritable feast day, for then he mixed a portion of tea or coffee he had bought overnight in a little shaving pot and sat late at his breakfast. Much enjoyment can be found in the simple things of life.

Another of David's breakfasts is worth mention and is a further example of joy in little. On the way to Mrs. Mell's he purchased a nice little loaf of brown bread, then an egg and a slice of streaky bacon. These when cooked by Mrs. Mell and served with a basin of milk " made a most delicious meal." In later years David's breakfasts usually appear to have been frugal; whilst in lodgings in Buckingham Street he was generally satisfied with " coffee and rolls "; but perhaps this was due to Mrs. Crupp's lack of experience in cookery or indeed in anything that did not partake of the nature of brandy as a cure for her chronic spasms.

Let us see how Dickens suits the meal to the kind of man who is connected with it. Fascination Fledgeby, the meanest of the mean, did not give a very cheering welcome to Mr. Lammle when he came to

breakfast ; " present on the table one scanty pot of tea, one scanty loaf, two scanty pats of butter, two scanty rashers of bacon, two pitiful eggs, and an abundance of handsome china bought a second-hand bargain." An instance, by the way, of Dickens's inimitable method of graphic description.

Our author was as happy in his pictures of bachelors as he was with his pictures of childhood, and John Westlock's bachelor arrangements when Tom Pinch calls on him at breakfast-time are characteristic as well as amusing. He " was constantly running backwards and forwards to and from the closet, bringing out all sorts of things in pots, scooping extraordinary quantities of tea out of the caddy, dropping French rolls into his boots, pouring hot water over the butter, and making a variety of similar mistakes without disconcerting himself in the least." It reads like one of Dickens's own escapades as revealed in his letters.

Very often a scratch meal is more enjoyable than a set repast, as many of us know, and welcome to Oliver Twist must have been the breakfast he had when he first met the Dodger. It merits full quotation :

> " The young gentleman took him to an adjacent chandler's shop where he purchased a sufficiency of ready-dressed ham and a half-quartern loaf, or, as he himself expressed it ' a fourpenny bran ' the ham being kept clean and preserved from dust by the ingenious expedient of making a hole in the loaf by pulling out a portion of the crumb and stuffing it therein. Taking the bread under his arm, the young gentleman turned into a small public-house, and led the way to a tap-room in the rear of the premises. Here a pot of beer was brought in by direction of the mysterious youth, and Oliver, falling to at his new friend's bidding, made a long and hearty meal."

The meals at Mrs. Pipchin's were indeed simple (except where she herself was concerned), and little Paul Dombey's breakfast consisted, like the tea overnight, of " plenty of milk-and-water, and bread-and-butter, with a little black teapot for Mrs. Pipchin " and a roll for her instead of her tea-time toast. Another frugal repast was the breakfast consumed by Little Nell and her Grandfather on their travels ; it was furnished from her basket and was only some slices of bread and meat ; they had not apparently the facilities for making any tea.

In a household so disorganised as the Jellyby's one would not expect too much in the way of preparation for so early a meal as breakfast, and one is not surprised to learn that Mr. Jellyby comes off rather badly. Miss Jellyby explains : " Ma won't be down for ever so long and then it's a chance if breakfast's ready for an hour afterwards. As to Pa, he gets what he can and goes to the office. He never gets what you would call a regular breakfast. Priscilla leaves him out the loaf and some milk, when there is any, overnight. Sometimes there isn't any milk and sometimes the cat drinks it." Poor Mr. Jellyby.

Among the simple feeders at breakfast-time, whatever his predilections at other meals, was Mr. Mantalini. He was probably " demnably

miserable" first thing in the morning, but that did not altogether spoil his enjoyment of the early but not large meal, for he remarked, in reply to his wife's retort that it was easy to talk: "Not so very easy when one is eating a demnition egg, for the yolk runs down the waistcoat, and yolk of egg does not match any waistcoat but a yellow waistcoat, demmit."

We must not forget Mrs. Varden, whose devotion to the Protestant cause was undoubted, if a little injudicious. She allowed her religious convictions to sour her outlook on life, and partook of a modest meal in her bedroom, although it was of sufficiently substantial proportions to satisfy a moderate appetite: "the little black teapot of strong mixed tea, a couple of rounds of buttered toast, a middling sized dish of beef and ham cut thin, and the Protestant Manual in two volumes post octavo."

In this Section mention must be made of the breakfast at which Pip was the guest at Wemmick's Castle in Walworth. The Aged was in bed, but quite visible to Pip from the little kitchen-parlour. He was to have a sausage which Pip cooked in front of the fire and made quite a firework of. The meal, however, proceeded in a natural way for Pip and Wemmick, who looked after his ancient parent most assiduously. It must have been a very satisfactory refection.

So much for the simpler kind of breakfast.

III.

Now we come to the breakfasts on which Dickens must have expended considerable thought to fit them to the characters with whom they are associated.

Honest, bluff, open-air, hard-working farmer John Browdie required a solid foundation for his day's work. No nibbling at toast and sipping coffee for him. He wants a substantial meal and here it is: "Vast mounds of toast, new-laid eggs, boiled ham, Yorkshire pie, and other cold substantials (of which heavy relays were constantly appearing under the direction of a very plump servant) admirably adapted to the cold bleak morning." Even on his wedding trip to London he felt it necessary to do himself well. "Hond oop another pigeon-pie, will 'ee? Dang the chap, does 'e ca' this a pie?—three young pigeons and a troifling matther o' steak and a crust so loight that you doan't know when it's in your mouth and when it's gane? I wonder hoo many pies goes to a breakfast." Whilst waiting for the relay John employed the interval upon the ham and a cold round of beef. No mention is made of tea or coffee, but we may conclude that, in accordance with the custom of the early nineteenth century when even children were given small beer, Mr. Browdie probably washed down the heavy comestibles with huge draughts of nut-brown ale.

"Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat," said Dr. Johnson, and by the same token big men require big meals. Tony Weller had "on the table before him a pot of ale, a cold round of beef and a very respectable-looking loaf, to each of which he distributed his favours in turn with the most rigid impartiality." And Inspector Buckett

prepared for his journey in search of Lady Dedlock by " stoking up " on " two mutton chops as a foundation to work upon, together with tea, eggs, toast, and marmalade on a corresponding scale."

There was another hearty eater who merits mention in this connection. We have seen in the previous section how Mrs. Varden mortified the flesh when under the influence of religious fervour and can compare it with the breakfast that was served to her husband the jovial Gabriel while she was still in the throes of martyrdom. It was a substantial meal, for over and above the " ordinary tea equipage, the board creaked beneath the weight of a jolly round of beef, a ham of the first magnitude, and sundry towers of buttered Yorkshire cake, piled slice upon slice in most alluring order. There was also a goodly jug of well-browned clay, fashioned into the form of an old gentleman, not by any means unlike the locksmith, atop of whose bald head was a fine white froth answering to his wig, indicative, beyond dispute, of home-brewed ale."

An appropriate repast for so repellant a monster as Daniel Quilp was the food he consumed in front of his wife and the rebellious Mrs. Jiniwin : he " ate hard eggs, shell and all, devoured gigantic prawns with the heads and tails on, chewed tobacco and water-cress at the same time and with extraordinary greediness, drank boiling tea without winking, bit his fork and spoon till they bent again." This appalling mixture may have been specially staged for its terrifying effect on his wife and his mother-in-law, as we find that when he set up a bachelor establishment at the wharf his breakfast consisted of " coffee, hot rolls, butter, sugar, Yarmouth bloaters, and other articles of house-keeping "—a comparatively civilised meal for such a little fiend.

Old Bill Barley, the retired, bedridden ship's purser, kept all his provisions in his room, weighing out the rations for himself and his daughter. " This is Mr. Barley's breakfast for to-morrow served out to be cooked. Two mutton chops, three potatoes, some split peas, a little flour, two ounces of butter, a pinch of salt, and all this black pepper. It's stewed up together and taken hot, and it's a nice thing for the gout, I should think ! " He kept his grog ready mixed in a little tub by the bedside. No wonder Bill's language was nautically coloured.

IV.

It will have been noticed that, particular as Dickens was in the description of the breakfasts we have quoted, the author is not merely giving us vivid pictures of the meals consumed by his puppets, they are not excrescences on the narrative, but each contributes to the progress of the story in hand. This is the supreme art of the novelist whose every sentence should carry the tale along.

Now we can consider one or two breakfasts of rather a special nature. and take for our first example the repast placed before Little Dorrit by the good-hearted Flora Finching when she found some needlework for Little Dorrit to do. The account is much too long to quote in full as it takes up nearly the whole chapter (XXIV) of the book, and is

essential to the plot. Little Dorrit had said shyly " that bread and butter and tea was all she usually——when Flora burst in : ' Oh, nonsense, my dear child, I can never hear of that ' and proceeded to press upon her wing of fowl and a bit of hot boiled ham." Flora's own breakfast consisted mainly of a " spoonful or two of some brown liquid that smelt like brandy " in her tea, with the explanation " I am obliged to be careful to follow the directions of my medical man though the flavour is anything but agreeable." She presently had another cup of tea with another of the doses prescribed by her medical man ; and breakfast was over.

V.

As a farewell meal breakfast is seldom a success, for the people seated at it are usually preoccupied with their innermost feelings and appetite is therefore wanting. Captain Cuttle tried manfully to arrange a cheerful farewell for Walter Gay on his departure for the West Indies. He pretended to be in tip-top spirits and brought a very smoky tongue in one of the pockets of his broad blue coat, and " if your uncle's the man I think him he'll bring out the last bottle of *the* madeira on the present occasion." That, however, was to be kept till Walter came home again. Notwithstanding the captain's excessive joviality, " he made but a poor hand at the smoky tongue though he tried hard, when anybody looked at him, to appear as if he were eating with a vast appetite." Evidently a dismal failure as a farewell meal.

And not much better was Pip's breakfast when he left Our Town for London ; his mood was reflected in his impressions of the meal that Biddy thoughtfully provided. No details are given but much can be read between the lines : " I smelt the smoke of the kitchen fire when I started up with the terrible idea that it must be late in the afternoon . . . It was a hurried breakfast with no taste in it. I got up from the meal saying with a sort of briskness, as if it had only just occurred to me ; ' Well, I suppose I must be off '." How human ; how it recalls many an incident in everyday life.

Uncle Pumblechook's preposterous claim to be the founder of Pip's fortune is well exemplified in the breakfast to which he invited the boy before taking him to Miss Havisham's. The pretended guide, philosopher, and friend gave Pip " as much crumb as possible in combination with as little butter " and put " such a quantity of warm water into my milk that it would have been more candid to have left out the milk altogether." A long sum in addition accompanied the meal and " after each figure was disposed of it was as much as I could do to get a bite or a sup before the next came ; while he (Mr. Pumblechook) sat at his ease guessing nothing, and eating bacon and hot roll in (if I may be allowed the expression) a gorging and gormandising manner." Poor little Pip ; no wonder he hated Pumblechook all his life.

Our final illustration of a breakfast of a special kind is the scene at the Saracen's Head when Squeers was waiting for the coach to

convey him and his pupils to Yorkshire. The whole chapter must be read, but only an abstract is here attempted.

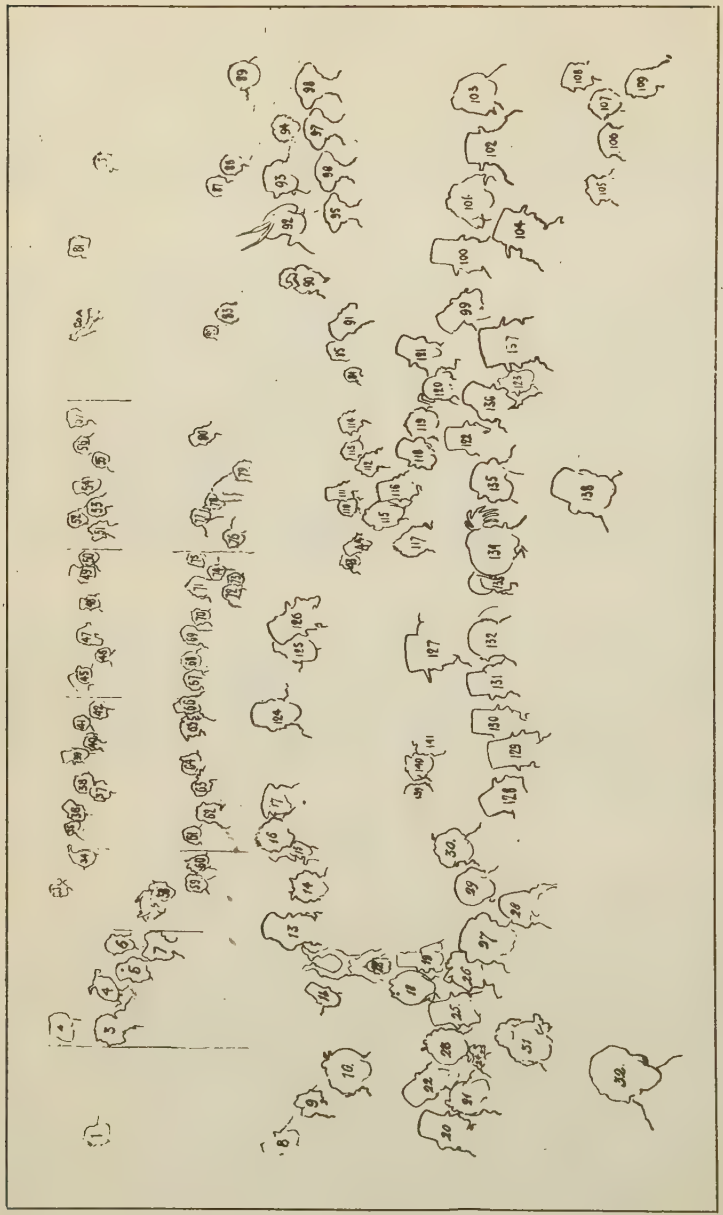
Mr. Squeers had before him a small measure of coffee, a plate of hot toast, and a cold round of beef. There were five boys so he ordered two penno'rth of milk and had the mug filled with lukewarm water, with thick bread-and-butter for three. "Conquer your passions, boys, and don't be eager for vittles." "Ah, there's richness. When I say number one the boy on the left hand nearest the window may take a drink; and when I say number two the boy next him will go in, and so till we come to number five, which is the last boy. Subdue your appetites, my dears, and you've conquered human natur' . . . Thank God for a good breakfast. Number one may take a drink." Number one seized the mug ravenously and had just drunk enough to make him wish for more when Mr. Squeers gave the signal for number two, who gave up at the same interesting moment to number three; and the process was repeated until the milk-and-water terminated with number five. "And now" said the schoolmaster, dividing the bread-and-butter for three into as many portions as there were children, "you had better look sharp with your breakfast, for the horn will blow in a minute or two and then every boy leaves off." In a very short time the horn was heard. "I thought it wouldn't be long," said Squeers, jumping up and producing a little basket from under the seat; "put what you haven't had time to eat in here boys. You'll want it on the road."

Can this be called a practical lesson in economy? Or is it an example of the treatment to which children (other people's) were subjected a hundred years ago? In any case, we hope that a sufficiently exhaustive series of extracts from Dickens's works has been given to show that, as stated in the opening paragraphs, the meals consumed by the characters in a novel may have an effective place in a realistic narrative.

AN EXAMINATION ON BOYS AND GIRLS

(*Answers to Questions on page* 70)

1, (*a*) Tom Scott, (*b*) Sophia, (*c*) Mobbs, (*d*) Ninetta Crummles; 2, Charley McStinger; 3, The fat boy. By Sam Weller; 4, Mealy Potatoes; 5, The pot-boy at the "Magpie and Stump." Charlotte Neckett. Charley Hexam; 6, Young Grampus; 7, Fanny Cleaver; 8, Swubble, Uniom, Vilkins; 9, At Miss Griffin's establishment by Hampstead Ponds; 10, Jerry Cruncher; 11, Tommy Traddles; 12, Johnny Tetterby; 13, Trabb's boy; 14, Alphonse, Plain Bill; 15, Alexander; 16, Phoebe; 17, Digby, Nickleby; 18, Bob Glibbery; 19, Young Blight; 20, Miss Pipson; 21, 21, Wackford Squeers Junior; 22, Kit Nubbles and Tom Scott, David Copperfield and the butcher's boy, Pip and Herbert Pocket; 23, Woolwich Bagnet; 24, Percy; 25, Sophia, daughter of Brass and Copper Founder. By Mrs. Todgers; 26, The Boy at Mugby; 27, D.C., Fagin; 28, Walter Gay; 29, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Walmer; 30, Bob Sawyer's Shop-boy; The Ugly Clerk at the Registry Office; Tom Neckett; Tom Gradgrind; Tom Booker; Tom White; 31, Smallweed junior; 32, Jacob Nubbles.



Key to Picture of A Coaching Dream of Dickens (Waiting for the Horses) on page 132

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

1 The Single Gentleman.
2 Dick Swiveller.
3 Sampson Brass.
4 Sally Brass.
5 Short.
6 Codlin.
7 The Marchioness.
8 The Grandfather.
9 Little Nell.
10 Mrs. Jarley.
11 Quilp.
12 Quilp's boy.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

13 Mr. Micawber.
14 Mrs. Micawber.
15 Mr. Mell.
16 Tommy Traddles.
17 Jack Maldon.
18 Miss Murdstone.
19 Mr. Murdstone.
20 Steerforth.
21 Dora Spenlow.
22 Uriah Heep.
23 Agnes Wickfield.
24 Jip.
25 David Copperfield.
26 Miss Trotwood.
27 Dan'l Peggotty.
28 Little Em'ly.
29 Clara Peggotty.
30 Mr. Dick.
31 Miss Mowcher.
32 Mrs. Gummidge.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

33 Marley's Ghost.
34 Scrooge.
35 Tiny Tim.
36 Bob Cratchit.
37 Dot.
38 John Peerybingle.
39 Tackleton.
40 Tilly Slowboy.
41 Bertha Plummer.
42 Caleb Plummer.
43 Meg Veck.
44 Trotty Veck.

OLIVER TWIST.

45 Bumble.
46 Oliver Twist.
47 Fagin.
48 The Artful Dodger.
49 Bill Sikes.
50 Nancy.

LITTLE DORRIT.

51 Mrs. Clennam.
52 Blandois.
53 Flintwinch.
54 Mr. Pancks.
55 Little Dorrit.
56 Mr. Dorrit.
57 Mr. Clennam.

BARNABY RUDGE.

58 Barnaby Rudge.
59 Mrs. Rudge.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

60 Mme Defarge.
61 Dr. Manette.
62 Lucie Manette.
63 Charles Darnay.
64 Mr. Stryver.
65 Mr. Lorry.
66 Sidney Carton.

DOMBEY AND SON.

67 Edith Dombey.
68 Carker.
69 Mr. Dombey.
70 Mr. Toots.
71 Captain Cuttle.
72 Florence Dombey.
73 Paul Dombey.
74 Walter Gay.
75 The Game Chicken.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

76 The Doll's Dressmaker.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

77 Pip.
78 Magwitch.

BLEAK HOUSE.

79 Grandfather Smallweed.
80 Inspector Bucket.
80A Krook's Cat.
81 Miss Flite.
82 Mr. George.
83 Sir Leicester Dedlock.
84 Jo.
85 Lady Dedlock.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

86 Tim Linkinwater.
87-88 The Brothers Cheeryble.
89 The Mad Gentleman.
90 The Infant Phenomenon.
91 Mr. Vincent Crummles.
92 Mrs. Crummles.
93 John Browdie.
94 Smike.
95-98 The Kenwigses.
99 Newman Noggs.
100 Nicholas Nickleby.
101 Kate Nickleby.
102 Ralph Nickleby.
103 Mrs. Nickleby.
104 Squeers.
105-109 Pupils of Squeers.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

110 Mary Graham.
111 Martin Chuzzlewit.
112 Mrs. Lupin.
113 Mark Tapley.
114 Tom Pinch.
115 Charity Pecksniff.
116 Moddle.
117 Mr. Pecksniff.
118 Montague Tigg.
119 Mrs. Gamp.
120 Mrs. Jonas Chuzzlewit.
121 Jonas Chuzzlewit.
122 Nadgett.
123 Bailey.

PICKWICK.

124 Bob Sawyer.
125 Benjamin Allen.
126 Mr. Stiggins.
127 Tony Weller.
128 Sam Weller.
129 Mr. Perker.
130 Mr. Winkle.
131 Mr. Snodgrass.
132 Mr. Pickwick.
133 Arabella Allen.
134 The Spinster Aunt.
135 Mr. Tupman.
136 Jingle.
137 Mr. Wardle.
138 The Fat Boy.

BOOTS AT THE HOLLY TREE INN.

139 Cobb.
140 Master Harry Walmers.
141 Norah.

WHO WHAT AND WHERE OF *BARNABY RUDGE?*

1. Who said "Ho! good gracious"?
2. What was the sign of Gabriel Varden's shop?
3. Where was the meeting place of the rioters.
4. Who went "to the Salwanners"?
5. What was the age of Barnaby's father when the story opens?
6. Where was Lord Mansfield's country seat?
7. Who was it who did not want to be charged with being a Venus?
8. What was Mrs. Varden's favourite book?
9. Where was Barnaby to be hanged?
10. Who was Lord George Gordon's secretary?
11. What was the memorable date in the Maypole's history?
12. Where did Miggs's married sister live?
13. Who was hanged at Tyburn for passing forged notes?
14. What was the occupation of Solomon Daisy?
15. Where were some canary birds in cages cast into the fire alive?
16. Who, when other people were dull, was disposed to be amazingly cheerful?
17. What was the symbol of the dignity of the law in those days?
18. Where is the place "who enters here leave noise behind"?
19. Who boasted that he could utterly quell the haughtiest beauty by "eying her over"?
20. What character was known by the name of the inn he kept?
21. Where did Mr. Haredale live?
22. Who had "a pair of eyes that seemed to have made an unnatural retreat into his head, and to have dug themselves a cave to hide in"?
23. What house had "more gable ends than a lazy man would care to count on a sunny day"?
24. Where did Varden propose to send Tappertit for the purpose of evading the law?
25. Who was "in a green old age; at peace with himself, and evidently disposed to be so with all the world"?
26. What did Daisy, Parkes, and Cobb do when John Willet refused to shake hands with them?
27. Where did Joe Willet enlist?
28. Who was "all the plagues of Egypt" and to whom?
29. What had Mrs. Varden been to Emma Haredale?
30. Where did the Prentice Knights meet?
31. Who said this of what: "if they're a dream, let sculptures have such visions and chisel 'em out when they wake"?
32. What were the ages of (*a*) Joe, (*b*) Sim, (*c*) Emma Haredale, (*d*) Edward Chester, (*e*) Barnaby, and (*f*) Mrs. Rudge?
33. Where did Queen Elizabeth once sleep?
34. Who were Peak and Grueby?
35. What was the colour of the cockade worn by Lord George's supporters?
36. Where was The Boot situated?
37. Who was an adept in "working people off"?
38. What was Mr. Akerman?
39. Where was *Barnaby Rudge* commenced?

(Answers will be printed in the next number.)

THE GLORIOUS YEAR OF 1836

[This is an attempt to create a Diary as Dickens might have written it for the year which saw his meteoric rise from obscurity to fame. All entries are based on facts, supported by Dickens's own letters and other contemporary information.—EDITOR.]

FRIDAY, JANUARY 1ST, 1836.

Sketches by Boz to be published this month. Work on hand: Village Coquettes, operetta with Hullah; Winglebury Duel, farce for ??????; one more sketch for Dowling to complete the 12.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 3RD, 1836.

Bell's Life in London print my sketch on the New Year; suppose it will be in Observer to-morrow.

MONDAY, JANUARY 4TH, 1836.

Cruikshank called about the plates. Repaid Mrs. Austin £5 10s.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 5TH, 1836.

Party at Mrs. Austin's 8. Fetch Kate 7.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6TH, 1836.

Macrone wants to change title, but can't see how he can do it at this late hour.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7TH, 1836.

Agreement signed to-day for new rooms here—No. 15—three years from December 24th, £50 per annum.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9TH, 1836.

Wrote Preface for the Sketches; dated it February, so as not to look too old when the book is published next month.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 15TH, 1836.

Hear that the subscription to the Sketches was a good one; but no news from Macrone.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 17TH, 1836.

"The Streets at Night" in Bell's Life to-day.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 19TH, 1836.

Write Dilke about book.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 21ST, 1836.

For Lambeth at 12. Lord Melbourne opening Licenced Victuallers School. At work all evening on Act 2 of opera following a suggestion of Kate.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22ND, 1836.

Kate, evening.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 29TH, 1836.

Kate 4-30. Too busy, sent Fred.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1836.

Adelphi. Whitehead asked for a story to open his new Library of Fiction. Send him the Tuggs's, when I can finish it.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND, 1836.

At last the Sketches are advertised. Black wrote admirably about it, specially of A Visit to Newgate. With a few judicious alterations will be just the thing to include in later advertisements.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3RD, 1836.

Adelphi Theatre. Hogarths and Beard. Beard dine at 3.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8TH, 1836.

Sent Sketches to Lord Stanley with a letter reminding him of his high opinion of my labours in reporting his speech on Irish Disturbances. Wonder if he remembers ?

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10TH, 1836.

Hard at it all day to finish Tugg's for Whitehead. Chapman and Hall, the publishers, offer me £14 monthly for a new story in monthly numbers, accompanied by 4 wood-cuts of Seymour. Am to reply by Friday.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11TH, 1836.

Hogarth has done a beautiful notice of the Sketches for the Chronicle.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12TH, 1836.

Macrone at one. Chapman and Hall agreed to pay nine guineas per sheet of 16 pages, or 8,000 words, for the new story to be published monthly ; copy for first number by March 1st. The work will be no joke but the emolument is too tempting to resist. Dine with Hogarths.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH, 1836.

Good review in Literary Gazette to-day. "Displays humour and feeling and a genuine acquaintance with his subjects." "A man of unquestionable talent" says the Satirist, referring to me.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14TH, 1836.

Pickwick Club. Posthumous Papers. Sounds good. Pickwickian.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 15TH, 1836.

The Sun has done well with the book.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH, 1836.

Busy all day moving to No. 15 and thinking about the prospectus for Pickwick.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18TH, 1836.

Pickwick is at length begun in all his might and glory. Have suggested they publish my Strange Gentleman.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19TH, 1836.

Hear the subscription to Sketches is an excellent one; but no news from Macrone. Finished First Chapter of Pickwick.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20TH, 1836.

Holland at 8. Oysters and Grog. Macrone too; my two first publishers. Much pleased with the notice in the Court Journal.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 21ST, 1836.

Excellent notices in the Herald and Sunday Times and Atlas. Well into Chapter 2. Have introduced a new character who I flatter myself will make a decided hit. I like the matter of what I have done to-day so far, but the quantity is not great and I must stay at home to-night. Kate must understand.

The Athenæum this week reviews the sketches but cannot see that every-day life and every-day people are worthy of attention by any true artist.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22ND, 1836.

Kate between turns—about ½ past nine.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24TH, 1836.

House adjourned ½ to 2 this morning until Thursday—Queen's birthday.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27TH, 1836.

Just heard that Blanchard, knowing fellow, told a friend as a mighty secret, that Boz was done by Leigh Hunt and another whose name my informant forgot.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28TH, 1836.

The Examiner is most laudatory of the Sketches. "His little touches of pathos scattered here and there, are of the kind which nature has placed in the closest neighbourhood to humour," the writer says. I wonder who it is*; he has a fine perception. Weekly Despatch also very encouraging.

THURSDAY, MARCH 3RD, 1836.

The Metropolitan says of the Sketches, "delightful for the abundance of its sly humour, and instructive in every chapter."

TUESDAY, MARCH 8TH, 1836.

Kate at Edward Street until to-morrow.

FRIDAY, MARCH 11TH, 1836.

Hard at work all day; done only ten slips, in other words, only one-fifth of the number.

*It was John Forster.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12TH, 1836.

The Morning Post thinks that my pathetic powers are of "a high order" and make much of the two volumes. Kate to Saint James's. Another full day's work to get this thing done.

SUNDAY, MARCH 13TH, 1836.

Kate—evening. The unanimous voice of the ladies is against a married man attending me to the place of execution. Therefore Macrone won't do. Ask Beard.

FRIDAY, MARCH 18TH, 1836.

The Pickwick sheets are a weary length. Macrone called and promised £50 to-morrow, remainder Thursday.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19TH, 1836.

Send Fred for Kate and Mary at 4.

SUNDAY, MARCH 20TH, 1836.

Kate. No Kate. Tired and worn out. To bed at three this morning Chained to this table since one o'clock.

MONDAY, MARCH 21ST, 1836.

Only little progress; must stop at home to-night and write.

THURSDAY, MARCH 24TH, 1836.

House at ¼ to six—Query a heavy turn. Macrone paid balance. Walked about all day and made many purchases for our home, particularly jugs and decanters.

TUESDAY, MARCH 29TH, 1836.

Chapman and Hall paid me twenty-nine pounds for the two first numbers of the Pickwick Papers.

THURSDAY, MARCH 31ST, 1836.

Pickwick number one.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1836.

St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, twelve o'clock.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9TH, 1836.

I can forgive Chambers's for cribbing the whole of The Boarding House, for their opinion of its merits. They recommend me to proceed with my work, being of opinion that I "can scarcely fail to become a successful and popular author." Well; that may not be impossible.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14TH, 1836.

Seymour's design for the Stroller's Tale not sufficiently sympathetic and solicitous; must get him to do another.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16TH, 1836.

Beard called with some of the notices of Pickwick; not very flattering

or encouraging. "A strange publication" according to the Atlas. But the Times gives good publicity to the cabman's story of his horse, which they must think out-of-the-way in humour. A very good notice in this week's Spectator.

SUNDAY, APRIL 17TH, 1836.

Evening; Chapman and Hall and Seymour about the plate.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20TH, 1836.

Just heard terrible news; Seymour found shot by his own hand in his garden in Islington.

TUESDAY, APRIL 25TH, 1836.

Chapman and Hall now propose eight additional pages each number and only two plates, for which they have engaged a young man named Buss. Done special "Address" for the second number. Suggest to Chapman and Hall they should now pay me twenty guineas for the sheets, with increase should the sales increase.

MONDAY, MAY 2ND, 1836.

Braham wants to do the Opera* within one month of his opening night at Michaelmas; wants special part introduced for Harley.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4TH, 1836.

Hogarth reports that Cramers want to do the music of the opera.

SUNDAY, MAY 8TH, 1836.

Braham about the opera.

MONDAY, MAY 9TH, 1836.

Macrone offers me £200 for a book in three volumes, "Gabriel Vardon the Locksmith of London," to be ready by November 30th.

THURSDAY, MAY 26TH, 1836.

To Ipswich with Beard by night coach. Pleasant journey though cold; supper on the road. Arrived Suffolk Hotel about 5 Friday morning.

FRIDAY, MAY 27TH, 1836.

Half past one. Beard very sleepy. Huge mobs are assembled to greet O'Connell, momentarily expected. From the appearance of the crowd and the height of party feeling here, I rather expect a row.

SATURDAY, MAY 28TH, 1836.

Return by 9 o'clock coach; home for dinner half past five.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23RD, 1836.

In bed all day and dead tired at night. Melbourne *v.* Norton yesterday played the devil with me.

FRIDAY, JULY 1ST, 1836.

Macrone's draft due £100.

** The Village Coquettes.*

Tuesday, July 19th, 1836.

Busy with the opera, improving the poetry.

Wednesday, July 20th, 1836.

Hullah at 8.

Saturday, July 23rd, 1836.

Reading of the Opera, with music. 7 o'clock. Macrone wants to purchase the copyright.

Monday, July 25th, 1836.

PICKWICK TRIUMPHANT.

Wednesday, July 27th, 1836.

With Hullah. Decided to publish the songs ourselves.

Saturday, July 30th, 1836.

Opera to be ready. Robert Hogarth to do the copying.

Monday, August 1st, 1836.

Just given three cheers over the end of the number !

Wednesday, August 3rd, 1836.

Carlton Chronicle ; short article once a fortnight. Qy. "Leaves from an unpublished volume by Boz" ?

Saturday, August 6th, 1836.

Macrone. Dinner here at 5.

Wednesday, August 10th, 1836.

Thomas Tegg, "Solomon Bell, the Raree Showman." Offered to do it for One hundred and twenty pounds - ready Christmas.*

Thursday, August 11th, 1836.

Tegg offers one hundred pounds and I have accepted it.*

Wednesday, August 17th, 1836.

Chapman and Hall propose to increase Pickwick payment at £25 per month after November 8th.

Monday, August 22nd, 1836.

Signed an agreement to-day with Bentley the Publisher to write a long three-volume novel, for which he will pay me Five hundred pounds ; four hundred pounds upon delivery of the complete work by two bills at six and nine months, and one hundred pounds when the sale reaches 1,450 copies by a bill at six months. I am to offer him my next work at the same price and terms.

Saturday, August 27th, 1836.

Elm Lodge, Petersham, for a month at least.

* These two entries are scored through. We do not know the reason why the book was never done by Dickens. -Editor.

Monday, August 29th, 1836.

Saw Braham this morning. Everybody is delighted with the opera, he says. Harley wrote to him, "It's a sure card; nothing wrong there. Bet you ten pounds it runs fifty nights."

Wednesday, August 31st, 1836.

Hullah at noon.

Thursday, September 8th, 1836.

Hullah at half past twelve. Fell into arms of Harley on my way home. He is delighted with the farce* and it will certainly be got up well.

Saturday, September 10th, 1836.

Hullah to breakfast.

Tuesday, September 14th, 1836.

Harley at St. James's Theatre, one, about the farce. Also Hullah. To go on to Cramers.

Monday, September 19th, 1836.

Theatre half past twelve for rehearsal.

Saturday, September 24th, 1836.

Return to town. At Parry's with Hullah, six o'clock. New Sketches commenced in Chronicle to-day with "Meditations in Monmouth Street."

Sunday, September 25th, 1836.

Beard to dine here at 5.

Monday, September 26th, 1836.

Hullah at four.

Thursday, September 29th, 1836.

St. James's Theatre. The Strange Gentleman.

Monday, October 3rd, 1836.

Received to-day from Braham thirty pounds for the entire acting copyright of The Strange Gentleman.

Tuesday, October 4th, 1836.

Scotland Yard in Morning Chronicle.

Thursday, October 6th, 1836.

Beard to dinner at 4. Saint James's in evening.

Saturday, October 8th, 1836.

Met my old editor, Holland, to-day; he'll dine with us on Wednesday.

* *The Strange Gentleman.*

Sunday, October 9th, 1836.

Bell's Life has republished Scotland Yard from the Chronicle verbatim. In Carlton Chronicle also ; without any acknowledgement.

Tuesday, October 11th, 1836.

Doctors' Commons in the Chronicle to-day.

Wednesday, October 12th, 1836.

Captain Holland to dine at ½ past four. Beard also.

Sunday, October 16th, 1836.

Macrone to dinner, 5. Both Carlton Chronicle and Bell's Life have again taken my sketch from the Chronicle without acknowledgement.

Sunday, October 23rd, 1836.

The Chronicle not having published a sketch of mine this week, Bell's Life had to fall back to-day on the Monmouth Street one published a month ago.

Thursday, October 27th, 1836.

St. James's Theatre.

Sunday, October 30th, 1836.

Better to-day, but not improved by reading my sketch, Vauxhall Gardens, in Bell's Life to-day. What is Easthope doing to allow it. Not yet been able to set pen to paper ; must get another Sketch done for Chronicle this week.

Tuesday, November 1st, 1836.

Chapman and Hall are very pleased with the results of Pickwick so far ; they tell me each number sells increasingly. They propose to run it for another year ; meanwhile they consider much more favourable terms for a new story in similar form. Their conduct is very honourable ; I feel it very much. Pickwick has made its own way, and I hope that long after my hand is withered, as the pen it held, Pickwick will be found on many a dusty shelf with many a better work.

Friday, November 4th, 1836.

I am to edit for Bentley a new monthly publication, The Wit's Miscellany, for twenty pounds per month. I am also to contribute an original article every month, of 16 pages, for which I am to receive twenty guineas. With over £60 a month assured, I can now send in my notice to the Chronicle.

Wednesday, November 16th, 1836.

Ill. Done nothing several days.

Saturday, November 19th, 1836.

Cruikshank in the evening.

Thursday, December 1st, 1836.

Hansard, Paternoster Row. Offered to sell copyright of both series

Sketches for £250, in addition to the £100 due for 2nd edition first series and ditto £50 first edition second.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2ND, 1836.

Must be very firm with Macrone—and Hansard—over Gabriel Vardon. It can't be done under present arrangements.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 5TH, 1836.

Cruikshank.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6TH, 1836.

St. James's Theatre. Village Coquettes.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11TH, 1836.

Examiner is rather depreciatory of the opera, but so well done that I can't help laughing at it. Sunday Times, Dispatch, and Satirist all blow their little trumpets against unhappy me.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15TH, 1836.

Done dedication of Coquettes to Harley. Bentley expects to get it out by end of the month.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17TH, 1836.

Wrote preface to second series Sketches to-day.

DEPARTED DICKENSIANS

DEATH has lately laid toll to several distinguished Dickensians. From New York we learn that early in January Dr. Howard Duffield, for so many years President of the branch there, passed away at the ripe age of eighty-seven. In addition to being a great Dickensian, Dr. Duffield was a great Droodist, and a few years ago presented his Library of Droodiana to the Dickens House in London. From New York also comes the sad news of the passing of Mrs. Georgie E. B. V. Wood, a Vice-President. Mrs. Wood had a most engaging personality, and will be remembered by many in this country, as she paid several visits to London during the past twenty years.

Wellingborough Branch has lost its Vice-President, Miss Mary L. Pendered, who passed away in February at the age of eighty-two. By profession an authoress, her pen was always at the disposal of this magazine, and readers of *The Dickensian* will recall many of her articles, full of insight and charm.

ROYAL VISITORS TO DICKENSIAN BATH

READERS of this magazine are fully alive to the fact that the Duke of Kent is a reader of Dickens. On the seventh of February last he paid a surprise visit to Bath, accompanied by Queen Mary, and stopped to look at the bust of Dickens in the Pump Room upon which the Bath Branch had placed a wreath to celebrate the birthday. They both paused awhile at the memorial, and the local press was fortunate in securing a most interesting and charming photograph.

TWO SONGS FROM *PICKWICK*

By D. HUBBLE-UDY

From an unpublished comedy by Walter Frederick Evelyn.

I

"Donna Christina." Alfred Jingle.

Act I. Scene 3.

Travelled much—foreign parts—often crossed the main,
Conquests many—here's a story—happened once in Spain.

Don Bolero—Spanish grandee—only daughter—catch,
Loved me only—to distraction—Don forbade the match.

Father jealous—daughter zealous—she quite in despair,
Took a dose of—prussic acid—Grandee tore his hair.

Stomach pump in my portmanteau—operation—saved,
Father happy—good old chappy—daughter's pardon craved.

Short engagement—married quickly—ah ! but then alas
Daughter's constitution shattered—stomach pump a farce.

Father sadly—took it badly—madly disappeared
Doubt increasing—searched unceasing—no sign yet appeared

Till one morning—public fountain—market—ceased to play
Weeks passed by then—still a stoppage—tried the only way.

Workmen many—sent to clean it—drew the water off
There in main pipe—sticking head first—was the Spanish toff.

How I mourn my own Christina—n'er match her again—
You, my dear sir, should have seen her, pride of Southern Spain.

II

"Widders." Tony Weller.

Act II. Scene 5.

I've done it once too often, Sam, to you I must confess ;
My marriage to a widder, boy, has been an awful mess ;
And so I have to warn you, Sam, be careful all your life—
Don't marry with a widder, boy, for I've had two to wife.

Beware of widders, Sammy, never take one for your wife ;
You'll rue it else, I tell you very plain.
As widders they are wonderful, but married they bring strife,
You'll quickly wish that you were free again.

Now, just you think, one widder is quite ekal so they say
In pint of comin' over you and havin' their own way
To five and twenty or'nary ones ; I know it, I am sure,
Though blest if I don't sometimes think the number isn't more.

Beware of widders, etc.

COLLINS'S FARM, HAMPSTEAD

Photo by [*T. W. Tyrrell*

A DELIGHTFUL country homestead which might fit easily into a Sussex landscape, yet but half an hour from Piccadilly. Such is Wylde's Farm, one of London's amazing survivals, tucked away in an attractive corner of Hampstead Heath near the quaint little hamlet of North End.

Here it was that Dickens sought refuge in 1837 to recover from the shock of the death of Mary Hogarth. The house has been added to since those days, but the white portion seen in the accompanying photograph dates from long before 1837. In those days it was known as Collins's Farm ; a family of that name had acquired it in about 1785, and, scratched on one of the diamond-window panes may still be seen the words : " Collins—Cowkeeper." The house, however, was often let to seekers after Hampstead's solitude long before the seventy years' occupancy of Collins came to an end. One of these was John Linnell, the artist friend and benefactor of Blake, who came here in 1823 and stayed for five or six years. One of Linnell's neighbours at that time was William Collins, R.A., the father of Wilkie and Charles Allston.

Dickens's stay at Collins's Farm was noteworthy apart from its cause ; it was here that Forster first became his guest.

The association of the house is preserved in two letters of Dickens, both dated May 17th, 1837, and headed " Collins's Farm, North End, Hampstead." One is to Ainsworth telling him that he had resolved " to try a fortnight's rest and quiet," adding, " I believe there is some cross road which leads out very near your house. I wish you would show me the way by coming here. You cannot think how glad I should be to see you just now." A later letter shows that Ainsworth

called twice to find Dickens out on both occasions. The second letter is to Thomas Beard in which he says, "I have been so shaken and unnerved by the loss of one whom I so dearly loved that I have been compelled to lay aside all thoughts of my usual work for once, and we have come here for quiet and change. We have a cottage of our own, with large gardens, and everything else on a small scale. Kate is very anxious indeed to see you, and as I can assure you that you will derive anything but pain from seeing her, I hope you will join us in the old way. Name your own time, and believe me that there is no one whom it would give us so much pleasure to welcome as yourself."

In 1880 the property was acquired by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, who restored its original and centuries-old name of Wylde's. The occupant of the older portion is Sir Raymond Unwin, R.I.B.A., whose town planning of Hampstead and Letchworth Garden Cities has brought him world-wide fame.

By the courtesy of his representative a party of The Dickens Fellowship visited the house one day last summer, memorable for the delight of wandering over the charming old house and also because the writer believes this occasion to be the first on which a Dickens Fellowship party unwillingly spent a considerable part of an afternoon set aside for Dickensian sightseeing, in an air-raid shelter.—L. C. S.

HOW WE RUN OUR BRANCH

(14) HAMILTON, ONTARIO

For some years the programme of a Dickens meeting in Hamilton has generally consisted of two principal items: an address on some aspect of Dickens or his works, most often by an outside speaker, but occasionally by a member; and a dramatic production from some Dickens book. Along with these two were other ingredients, consisting of selections from our orchestra, and solos by a visiting artist. This year we have somewhat varied this programme.

Our charitable work consists in Christmas cheer for a large number of under-privileged children, and summer camp outings for the most needy of them; a fine cameraderie has been developed between the Welfare Committee of the Fellowship and our Tiny Tims. Our first meeting in the autumn was a Camp Night, when all the children who had been at camp last summer were our guests and helped to provide the programme by giving a demonstration of camp life. Then the Dramatic Committee presented a scene of Short and Codlin, with their Punch and Judy Show, for the entertainment of the campers. Our November meeting was New Canadians' Night, when we invited as guests a number of Hamiltonians of foreign nationality, and endeavoured to introduce them to English literature through Dickens. The January meeting was devoted entirely to drama, with a number of scenes from *Bleak House*. The February Birthday Party was a more informal meeting with a social time at the end. The programme included two short scenes, and a showing of moving pictures from England. In March, Leacock's Life of Dickens was reviewed, and two scenes were presented featuring Tom Pinch. The April meeting is always the annual meeting, and we have a dramatic presentation as usual. Later in the spring we hold a Tiny Tim Bridge Party to raise funds for the camp project.

Elven J. Bengough, *President.*

THE HATTON GARDEN PHILANTHROPIST

"THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE" for March, 1834, contains a note, under the above heading, referring of course to the notorious Mr. Laing, who became Mr. Fang a few years later in *Oliver Twist*. Dickens was a fairly regular contributor to "The Monthly Magazine" at this time, although no work of his appears in this particular number.

"No one can read our daily and weekly journals without being struck with the degree of utter heartlessness which characterizes the decisions of the heads of our police departments; those chastening rods lent to a poor and afflicted people, to exemplify the love of a paternal government. Surely without pretending to greater sensitiveness than others, the following statement cannot be read by any without emotion. Mary Hart, a middle-aged woman, with five children, one an infant at the breast, was brought before Mr. Laing, charged with destitution. The unfortunate woman, who has resided in London for 14 years past, well known and respected in her neighbourhood, had the misfortune a few weeks ago, to lose her husband, and was compelled to apply to the parish for temporary relief. This was refused, she being a native of Ireland—at length being unable to pay her rent, she was turned into the streets. We copy the following from the 'Weekly Dispatch':

> "On Friday night, about eight o'clock, the inclemency of the weather drove her to Rosoman-street station-house, to crave a lodging for the night, which was granted, and she was now brought up at the instance of the Superintendent of the G division, who thought the magistrates would take some steps to alleviate her sufferings. Policeman Robinson having represented the extreme destitution of the prisoners when they came to the station-house, Mr. Laing looking steadfastly at the accused, said—'*What have you to say for yourself*?' Woman—'I have no home, sir, and my poor children (looking at them and crying) would have perished if I had not got them under cover.' Mr. Laing (sternly)—'Why do you refuse to be passed home?' Woman—'I know no one in Ireland, and I cannot let my children be sent there to starve.' Mr. Laing—'*Then I'll send you to prison*!!!' Woman—'You may if you think proper, Sir. We shall be better off there.' Mr. Laing—'*Then I shall not gratify you.* The parish offers to send you home, which is all the relief the law allows you.' (To Hall)—'*Turn her out of the office*!!!' After looking pitifully around her, she led her children, who appeared unconscious of their mother's anguish, out of the office. Mr. Laing then told the policeman that the woman *ought not to have been received into the station-house*! Policeman—'I went to the master of Clerkenwell workhouse, and told him the condition of the family, but he would have nothing to do with them.' Mr. Laing—'Then if she enters the station-house again, *turn her out*!!!'"

What must the heart of such a man be made of, who could utter sentiments like these?—one who could gratuitously insult misfortune—who could refuse the last shelter of a prison to one so utterly destitute!

It justifies one in disclaiming the kindred of species with such a barbarous specimen. We should not be surprised if the proper end to such a man, were one day to be strangled on his seat by the bony fingers of some famishing pauper. Goaded by insult and misery, it would scarcely be a crime."

Apart from the fact that this incident is worth recording here, since it was one of many such which resulted in this magistrate being pilloried further in *Oliver Twist* a few years later, there are certain phrases in the comment by the writer in "The Monthly Magazine" that have a distinctly Dickensian flavour; they might have been penned by Boz himself.

HONOURING THE BIRTHDAY IN NEW YORK

Mr. Leonard H. Leach, H.B.M. Consul at New York, was the principal guest of the New York Branch at the Birthday Dinner at the Hotel Breevoort on February 7th last. He said it would have been pleasant to make an excursion from the grim realities of our world to-day into Dickens's kindlier world, to be reminded of Pickwick and Micawber, of Mark Tapley and of Oliver Twist; but his heart wasn't in it; he couldn't turn his thoughts from the present desperate emergency; he could only talk about one thing—this desperate battle his countrymen were fighting for all that they believe and are, which was also the American people's own liberty, their way of life; both were equally at stake.

He then made an eloquent and impassioned address, concluding with: "The Nazis are not riding the wave of the future, but wallowing in the backwash of the past. I say to you that the passionate faith, which has inspired the British people to meet and parry the shattering blows of the last twelve months, aye—and now to strike back—is proof, if proof were needed, that the future belongs to the peoples who believe in freedom and justice and the rights of man." (Great applause.)

Mr. William Dike Reed, Vice-President, in proposing the Immortal Memory, said that Dickens was universally known as the foremost exponent of the lower and middle classes of England, standing forth like a great actor on the stage of human affairs. His novels are active in our hearts and minds to this day.

Reading from a current periodical, Mr. Reed continued, "the nurses of London's Westminster Hospital on Christmas Eve carried lanterns and hymn books into the ward where lay the wounded of England's war. Outside, the great blacked-out city was totally dark and quiet. But, inside, the nurses and the wounded men sang the old, well-loved songs, sung of England's past by Dickens and Thackeray, Shakespeare and Milton. Those nurses and their patients were not frightened or dismayed," says this message from across the seas, "because they found some part of their courage in their good memories." And so, we have our memories of Dickens's works.

After referring to Dickens's speeches on the relations between the two countries (included in Mr. Payne's broadcast speech on page 121), Mr. Reed gave the toast of the evening: "To the immortal memory of him who aroused our laughter, our tears, our charity and our sympathies, the keeper of our sentiments and the creator of our international good will—the immortal Charles Dickens!"

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

EMIGRATION

"The United States gained an early start in industrialization, and so its cities were the magnet for those who sought work in towns. The attraction of the British Colonies was agriculture. The prize offered was the prospect of an independent farmer's life, on a rougher and cruder, but also on a much grander, scale than in Britain. But those who emigrated with large hopes were few compared with those who emigrated because their friends arranged their emigration, thinking that they would be able to earn their living in the new country where the most mediocre gifts and energy could find the market. Mr. Micawber, blossoming out as an Australian magistrate, was an instance of how much might turn up if you went far enough afield. The mind of Dickens in this, too, gives a faithful reflection of a general view. Where the Empire appears in his books it is as a convenient addition to the novelist's repertory of scenes and contingencies, as a number of places, little more than names, to which people could disappear, where futures could be provided for them without anybody being curious to understand what was really going on. The United States was on a quite different footing, personally well known to Dickens, and described with a wealth of comment from careful observations. America mattered already to English authors, indeed to Dickens himself, who was among the first of the English authors to exhaust themselves in American lecture tours." —From the Review of "The Cambridge History of the British Empire," Vol. 2, in the "Times Literary Supplement," January 11th, 1941.

* * * * *

AMERICAN AND HIS FOOD

"Dickens made Martin Chuzzlewit's journey from New York to the western development 'Eden' a travelogue of ill-health. Leaving a company of 'spare men with lank and rigid cheeks,' dyspeptic individuals who 'bolted their food in wedges' and fed not themselves but 'broods of nightmares,' Martin had as train companions a 'very lank' man and a 'languid and listless gentleman with hollow cheeks.' The hotel porch in the town where he changed to the river boat was filled with yawning, lounging men who kept their hands in their pockets, and the local land agent was a gaunt fellow with a twitching Adam's apple and wrinkled face. A reception was attended by men of a 'ghostly kind,' one of whom had 'glazed and fishy eyes,' and handshakes ranged from 'the hot, the cold, the dry, the moist,' to the flabby, 'the short-lived and the lingering.' The steamboat passengers were as 'flat, as dull, and stagnant as the vegetation that oppressed their eyes.' Among them was the 'very straight, very tall, and not at all flexible in face or figure' Mrs. Hominey. Finally at his destination Martin was greeted by the sickly, 'wan and forlorn' inhabitants of 'Eden'."

"Although diet was enriched during the first half-century of national existence, it would appear that at the close of this period the food habits of even the prosperous were far from conducive to good physique or health. Ethereality of appearance was fashionable among both

sexes. Dickens pictures the American, Mr. Jefferson Brick, as a 'small young gentleman of very juvenile appearance, and unwholesomely pale in the face.' Mrs. Brick was a 'little girl like a doll,' a sickly little girl with 'tight round eyes.'"—"The American and his Food," by R. O. Cummings. (Univ. of Chicago Press.)

DICKROSTICS

A further two new puzzles by Walter Thomas requiring all the ingenuity necessary to solve a cross-word, but dispensing with the necessity of providing a balance design. The initials of the characters, places or incidents, given in the first place in the order in which Dickens wrote of them, when properly arranged, make a well known quotation from the works.

No. 3. Six words (4, 5, 4, 1, 4, 2 letters). A Famous maxim of the Captain.

1. Sister to a sawbones (8).
2. In *Pickwick* but not in *Martin Chuzzlewit* (6).
3. A fence (5).
4. A little mother to her grandfather (4).
5. There are three of this name of a river (5).
6. Black in the place where his master was purple (6).
7. Almost a Greek poet (4).
8. A veteran, but not a military one (2 words 3, 7).
9. Did his learning equal his powers of conversation? (5).
10. Expected a day of judgement (5).
11. Oswald's brother, a pattern to children (6).
12. Brother of eleven, a small "vessel" (6).
13. His daughter considered him a sweet singer (5).
14. Proprietor of a jewellery sideboard (6).
15. He forsook one city for another (9).
16. This one was farinaceous and peppercornery (5).
17. A human post-office (7).
18. A monster from the refuse of a washerwoman's family (7).
19. He abominated energy; but love altered all that (6).
20. Why a wig? (8).

No. 4. Five words (7, 2, 3, 3, 2 letters). Thoughts in retrospect.

1. No one ever saw one by Snodgrass (3).
2. Owen in the play, Joseph in the story (7).
3. Anything but a new lot (Anag.) (6).
4. A phenomenon (7).
5. He was a gentleman once (5).
6. Did you *know* these children had false *hair*? (7).
7. The Christian (?) name of a gambler (5).
8. An adept in the art of working people off (6).
9. When he danced, his legs were almost invisible (8).
10. The proper sort of name for a pot-man (6).
11. Not exactly a garden (4).
12. A sharp little woman true to her name (6).
13. It says "get out of the way" but it's of no consequence (6).
14. Everything went contrary with her (8).
15. The characteristic of this family (5)
16. Half the title, but not the soft part (4).
17. A fisherman, certainly, but not catching fish (5).
18. A plain Mr. here, but elsewhere a field or a bucket (9).

(*Solutions will appear in the Autumn number.*)

THE SPIRIT OF DICKENS AT MARION, OHIO

A NEW Branch of the Fellowship may be the outcome of a Dickens birthday dinner which was held at the Hotel Marion, Marion, Ohio, the company being the guests of Dr. Edward Ellsworth Hipsher, late of the Philadelphia Branch. The half hour before the banquet was devoted to viewing and discussing rare items (first editions, engravings, prints, etc., from the host's collection of Dickensiana. Then after a brief greeting to the seated guests, a distinct note of historic and romantic interest was sounded when Dr. Hipsher explained that the Hotel was a reconstruction of the Mansion House built by Eber Baker, the founder of Marion, and of which his son, Lincoln Baker, was manager when in 1842, Dickens and his wife stopped for supper as they were on their way from Columbus, Ohio, to Sandusky, where they joined a Lake Erie steamboat for Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Dr. Hipsher proposed The Immortal Memory; and Supt. E. E. Holt toasted the notorious Sairy Gamp and her invisible Mrs. Harris. Miss Etta Jacoby spoke brilliantly on Tony Weller and his "Beware of vidders"; and Mr. A. J. Monroe presented Dora Spenlow and Agnes Wickfield as the wives of David Copperfield.

"THE TIMES" AND THE READINGS

Wednesday, July 1st, 1857

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S "READING."

THE second entertainment "in remembrance" of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold took place last night at St. Martin's Hall, when Mr. Charles Dickens read his own *Christmas Carol* for the first time before a London public. The fame of his merits as a "reader" and of the enthusiasm that they had created in the manufacturing towns had long reached the Metropolis, and at an early hour the hall was crammed with an audience anxious to become acquainted with the most popular of living authors in a new capacity. Indeed so large was the number sent away from the doors through want of room that long before the assembly had dispersed placards were affixed in various parts of the building by the "Jerrold" Committee announcing a repetition of the "reading" at the same place on Friday, the 24th instant.

The reports respecting Mr. Dickens's command over an audience have not been in the least exaggerated. It is no such easy matter to read for upwards of two hours a book with which the listeners are acquainted and to keep them all the while in a state of breathless interest; but this is actually done by Mr. Dickens. He does not, indeed, impersonate the various characters of the tale, except in the single case of the Miser Scrooge, whose words he speaks in senile accents. All that is spoken by the other characters he delivers, like the narrative, in his own natural voice. But, though he does not act the personages, he completely enters into the spirit of the situations, and the joviality with which he describes the scenes of Christmas festivity endows his discourse with the vividness of a living picture. To transform himself into a number of successive individuals he does not attempt, but he throws himself into the atmosphere in which they all move, and compels his audience to live in it likewise. With his pathetic scenes he is more cautious than with his mirth. He would evidently avoid all imputation of maudlin sentimentality and where he would elicit the tears of his audience he trusts to a manly unaffected tone in the description of sorrow. But his command is equally potent over emotions of every kind and during the whole of last evening he held the sympathy of his hearers as firmly as one might grasp a tangible object. The very aspect of that crowd, composed of the most various classes, hanging on the utterances of one man, was in itself an imposing spectacle.

The deafening acclamations which followed the conclusion of the "reading" and compelled Mr. Dickens to come forward once more upon the platform, might, of course, be traced to the popularity of the writer as well as to the merits of the "reader"; but, at all events, it was a noble tribute to one who has always used his pen for the interests of the masses, and who had just recreated them by enlivening with his own voice one of the most favourite products of his fancy.

To many occupants of the shilling seats Charles Dickens was familiar as a friendly name, and they were quite delighted to see him a visible reality.

Friday, April 16, 1858.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

Hitherto, when the eminent writer has opened his mouth it has always been in direct contradiction of the proverb which declares that Charity begins at home. With pen in hand, no doubt Mr. Charles Dickens works greatly for his own benefit; but when he speaks it is always for the benefit of other people. An amateur actor of such proficiency that he is hardly to be termed an amateur at all, we find him every now and then devoting his histrionic talents either to the service of some charitable fund or to the amusement of a circle of friends so large that they may be almost considered a public. An after-dinner orator of the highest class, his speech at the annual gathering of the General Theatrical Fund in Passion Week is anticipated year after year as the prime feature of the festival. A reformer of abuses, he is the chief spokesman at the general meetings of the Literary Fund and startles the Committee upon their once comfortable platform. As a reader of his own Christmas books his reputation is gigantic and wherever he goes with one of his little square volumes in his hand, with the intention of reading the same aloud, he is sure to attract multitudes. Nor is his reputation in this respect one whit greater than his merits. A "reading" by Mr. Charles Dickens is something altogether *sui generis*, a happy blending of the narrative and dramatic style, by which the author gives additional colouring to his already highly elaborated work and astonishes the auditor by revelations of meaning that had escaped the solitary student.

Last night in St. Martin's Hall he read his *Christmas Carol* in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children, and such was the assembled multitude that the sum produced must have been sufficient to physic all the sick children in the United Kingdom. But notwithstanding the sympathy that everyone will feel for the infantine invalids in whose cause Mr. Dickens laboured so strenuously and so successfully last night, a more general gratification will be produced by the announcement that the benevolent "reader" is at last about to employ his elocutionary talents for his own advantage. On Thursday, the 29th instant, Thursday, the 6th of May, and Thursday, the 13th of May, the principal books of Mr. Charles Dickens will be read by Mr. Charles Dickens for the benefit of Mr. Charles Dickens himself.

WHO—

(*Answers to Questions on page* 117)

1, Mr. Lorry; 2, Mr. Dick; 3, One of the P. Salcy family; 4, Mr. Mould; 5, Mrs. Jellyby; 6, Bob Sawyer; 7, Mr. Jaggers; 8, McChoakumchild; 9, Mr. Squeers; 10, Nadgett; 11, Miss Barbary; 12, Squeers; 13, Mrs. General; 14, Dr. Blimber; 15, R. Wilfer; 16, Mr. Pecksniff; 17, Miss Miggs; 18, Mr. Pumblechook.

DICKENS STANDS FOR ENGLAND

By DR. R. HAMLYN-HARRIS*

I.

THERE is no single page of one of Dickens's great masterpieces from which we cannot gain profound delight, knowledge, and entertainment, or from which we cannot open up a more gentle outlook on life and the fellows who live it. Through the pages of Dickens runs a little silver stream of kindly sympathy for the weaknesses of those with whom we have to rub shoulders. Some unfortunates there are who are not Dickens lovers ! That does not mean that you will be damned if you are not a Dickensian, but I do say that all intelligent people should give Dickens a trial and endeavour to become acquainted with the dozens and dozens of immaculate conceptions of a genius who has left them to the world for all time. The strange thing is that when you have discovered the treasures, you will soon learn to react to the various moods and tenses of humour, pathos, and the most extraordinary accuracy of this master mind. Therefore, if your friends must criticise, as some of mine do, try to teach them to say that they do not agree with you, but don't allow them to say that what Dickens wrote was wretchedly bad and miserably uninteresting. Dickens's first duty was to humanity, and, because he was ready to die for humanity, Dickens is immortal. Just what Dickens would have thought, or done, or written, if he had lived at the present time, we do not know ; but I am convinced that he would not have failed to extol the wonderful work of the men who are making it possible for us to shout " There'll always be an England " ; nor would he have made any distinction between the great captains who lead and the humble men who do the main bulk of the slogging—of this I feel sure. He would, too, have been the first to condemn those who place political advancement and selfish desire before the needs of the Empire. How he would have made fun of them, even as he made fun of Bumble, Gradgrind, and men of that ilk ! Dickens stands for England and all the traditions that are English, and that is why on an occasion like this it behoves us to pay a tribute, worthy of the cause, to all those Britishers who are fighting for freedom, justice, and decency—on the field, on the sea, in the air. For Dickens stood for the very qualities for which this war is being fought ; and so all honour to these men who love England sufficiently to fight for her.

II.

It was as a humorist that Dickens made his name : but we must not be deceived into believing that Dickens was a funny man, though our knowledge of *The Pickwick Papers* might lead us to think so, for *Pickwick* is undoubtedly one of the most humorous books ever written. But Dickens was not a wag or a facetious writer using humour for his own ends—the rather did he intend that his humour should make the

* Extracted from the Presidential Address delivered to the Brisbane Branch.

man in the street realise the vast incongruities of life, and with his touches of tenderness and his accurate powers of observation, Dickens's humour is particularly telling. The more I read Dickens, the more I realise the fact that the great bulk of his writings revel in humour of one form or another, but very often in a very subtle form. Take, for instance, the story of Squeers and Smike, and the part that Nicholas Nickleby played in it, and you will be struck by the extraordinary humour of the situations. Read the story for yourselves and then, having done that, read that masterpiece of Fanny Squeers' in the form of a letter sent to her uncle, Ralph Nickleby, and communicated to Nicholas by Newman Noggs. The whole thing, including the spelling, is perfectly priceless.

Our thoughts at a time like this naturally turn towards England and the fact that, in no nation more than the English is there such a diversified individuality. Dickens realised that we are a people of individuals and a people of character, and it accounts to a very large extent indeed for the fact that practically all his characters are English and all different. It is impossible to think of Dickens at a time like this without our thoughts wandering to Dover, "that little narrow, crooked town of Dover," so indelibly associated with David Copperfield, his aunt, Betsey Trotwood, Mr. Dick, and the donkeys. Dickens wrote a part of *Bleak House* while staying at 10 Camden Crescent in 1852, and we wonder if this Dickensian landmark is still standing. Then there is the Dickens House in the very heart of London, at present the home of the Dickens Fellowship, containing so many interesting documents—is it still standing ?* And so one naturally wonders what the reaction of Dickens would have been to all this carnage and destruction, and we are grateful that Dickens was not a politician; we are grateful that he had other and more useful work to do. He made no effort to indicate in his novels, remedies for the evils he so trenchantly exposed, and in this sense he was not a reformer: but, in another sense, however, we must think back sufficiently into the times in which Dickens lived and the ideas which generally obtained, and in this sense he did actually live to see the abuses which he decried remedied. So that, actually, his endeavours as a reformer were not in vain and we feel confident that when Jerusalem is built again "in England's green and pleasant land," it will be because the ordinary men and women in it will be more worthy than ever to dwell therein.

III.

There is one other aspect of Dickens's work which is very noticeable and of some significance at this time, and that is his ability to create an atmosphere which foretold events; whether he was dealing with tragedy or otherwise, he was equally successful. I have been particularly struck when re-reading *Dombey and Son* quite recently by certain passages foreshadowing the desertion and ruin of Mr. Dombey. Read for yourselves of the timid visits by Florence to her father's room

* It is [May 1911]. —Editor.

after his accident, and after the death of Paul, and then think of these words that follow :

> " Let him remember it in that room, years to come. The rain that falls upon the roof, the wind that moans outside the door may have foreknowledge in their melancholy sound. Let him remember it in that room in years to come."

Another very striking instance occurs in the same book in the description of Carker's defeat. Dickens, speaking of his headlong flight, says :

> " Some other terror came upon him, quite removed from that of being pursued. It came suddenly, like an electric shock, as he was creeping through the dark streets, some visionary terror, unintelligible and inexplicably associated with the trembling of the ground, a rush and a sweep of something through the air, like Death upon the wing." . . . " This terrifying experience came upon him, at intervals, rushed upon him, at last in the form of an express train that bore him down and cut him to pieces."

Such most impressive bits of Dickens make one realise that he believed in the return of the boomerang and that no footsteps can easily be made clean again if once stained red with blood, and I am inclined to think that we may have cause to remember these very words during the years to come.

In *Bleak House* we have another instance of distinct warnings and foreshadowings. In this instance it concerns that outrageous lawyer, Tulkinghorn. Here again we see Dickens pointing the finger of warning when Tulkinghorn was asleep in Chesney Wold :

> " Away in the moonlight, lie the woodland fields at rest, and the wide house is as quiet as the narrow one. The narrow one ! Where are the digger and the spade this peaceful night, destined to add the last great secret to the many secrets of the Tulkinghorn existence ? And truly when the stars go out, and the wan day peeps into the turret chamber, finding him at his oldest, he looks as if the digger and the spade were both commissioned and would soon be digging."

When the world of to-day contemplates the ghastly wickedness of present-day dictators, and we are prone to ask ourselves How long before the final day of reckoning ? we are reminded of a most sinister touch in *Barnaby Rudge* and the identity of the supposedly drowned steward with the mysterious stranger. We recall how Mrs. Rudge seems to recognise her husband in the stranger, and, with a cry of anguish, utters the fateful words :

> " His shadow has been upon it and me in light and in darkness, and now, at last, it has come in the body. Remove this man from me, good Heaven ! remove this man, good Heaven ! in thy grace and mercy, give him a moment's penitence and strike him dead."

One hundred and twenty-nine years have passed since Dickens saw the light of day, and we are still reading him, and his message to the

world still holds good. He had in him a message which is singularly apt for the present times.

IV.

The greatest political fact of all modern history is the existence of the British Empire—Great Britain, with her associate nations, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India, together with her other colonies and wards. It is a very significant fact that, if the Latin people about us desire to say that a thing is exactly true, they cannot find any better way of expressing it than by referring to "the word of an Englishman." It was Napoleon's outcry "that the British never knew when they were beaten," but it is something of a relief in a restless age that at least one section of the human race can, and does, when it takes a position, stick to the job through thick and thin. It was Ambassador Page who said, after he had got to know the British people, that "the British conceptions of liberty and government, and British ideals of life, represent the fine flower of human progress." With such thoughts uppermost in my mind, I close by commending this Empire and ourselves to God. "Except God build the house, they labour in vain that build it" is good sound commonsense. The defence of the Empire is much more to be found in the character of the British people than in the size of her armies. And because Dickens stood for the flowers of honesty, truth, decency, self-control, fear of God, and Christian ideals of service, I recommend the reading of his works to all. Let Liberty—

> "Blaze in each countenance and fire the battle;
> The enemy fight in chains—invisible chains, but heavy—
> Their minds are fettered. Then, how can they be free?"

> "Liberty shall stand upon the Cliffs of Albion
> Casting her blue eyes over the green ocean;
> Or towering stand upon the warring waves,
> Stretching her mighty spear o'er distant lands;
> While, with her Eagle's wings, she covereth
> Fair Albion's shore, and all her families."

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

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"Charles Dickens after Seventy Years," by Rev. A. G. Curnow. "Methodist Magazine," April.